English Reprints.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

The English Reprints

MAY BE OBTAINED IN THREE FORMS.

I.—The Monthly issue, in stiff covers, chiefly in Sixpenny or Shilling Works. See Catalogue.

(*a*) *Cut* edges.

Handsome and durable Cases for preserving copies in this form may be obtained ... ... One Shilling each.

(*b*) *Uncut* edges, for those desirous of binding for themselves, &c. Of the same prices as the preceding.

II.—In bevelled green cloth, red edges, &c., two or three Works making up into occasional Volumes, generally Half a Crown or Three Shillings and Sixpence each.

THE ISSUES FOR 1868.

In stiff covers.			*In cloth.*
1. MILTON. 6d.	2. LATIMER . 6d.	3. GOSSON . 6d...	Two Shillings.
4. SIDNEY . 6d.	5. WEBBE ... 6d.	6. SELDEN . 1s...	Half a Crown.
7. ASCHAM. 1s.	8. ADDISON... 1s.	... ...	Half a Crown.
9. LYLY ... 4s.	... ...	... ...	Five Shillings.
10. VILLIERS 1s.	11. GASCOIGNE 1s.	12. EARLE... 1s...	Three Shillings and Sixpence.

English Reprints.

GEORGE VILLIERS.

Second Duke of Buckingham.

THE REHEARSAL.

First acted 7 Dec. 1671. Published [? July] 1672.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREVIOUS PLAYS, ETC.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Affociate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

LONDON:

5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.] 2 November, 1868. [*All rights reserved.*

CONTENTS.

LIFE and TIMES of GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham 3

(1) Brian Fairfax's Memorials of him . . . . . 3—10

(2) Other characters of him, by Lord Peterborough, Bp. Burnet, Count Grammont, S. Butler, and J. Dryden 10—12

INTRODUCTION, ... 13

BIBLIOGRAPHY, 'The Rehearsal' 18

Keys to 'The Rehearsal' 19, 20, 26, 32, 36, 46, 48

THE REHEARSAL . . .

(1) Prologue 23

(2) The Actors 24

(3) The TEXT, on odd numbered pages . . . .

(4) The ILLUSTRATIONS, on even numbered pages, principally taken from the following Plays:—

Mrs. A. Behn, *The Amorous Prince.* 1671.

Sir W. D'Avenant, *Love and Honour.* 1649.

(Poet-laureate) *Play House to be let.*

Siege of Rhodes, Part I. 1656.

J. Dryden, *Conquest of Granada*, Parts I. and II. 1672.

(Poet-laureate) *The Indian Emperor.* 1667.

Marriage-à-la-mode. 1691.

Secret Love, or *The Maiden Queen.* 1668.

Tyrannic Love. 1670 and 1672.

The Wild Gallant. 1669.

Sir R. Fanshawe's translation (1654) of

Don A. H. de Mendoza's *Querer pro solo querer.* 1623.

(To love only for love's sake) 1671.

Col. H. Howard, *United Kingdoms.*

The Hon. J. Howard, *English Monsieur.* 1674.

Sir W. Killigrew, *Ormasdes*, or *Love and Friendship.* 1665.

Pandora, or *The Converts.* 1665.

T. Porter, *The Villain.* 1663.

F. Quarles, *The Virgin Widow.* 1649.

Sir R. Stapylton, *The Slighted Maid.* 1663.

(5) Epilogue 136

The LIFE and TIMES of GEORGE VILLIERS, Second Duke of Buckingham.

INSTEAD of the usual brief Chronicle, we shall on this occasion adduce a series of testimonies that have come down to us from contemporaries, all intimately acquainted with Villiers.

1. In the year 1758, was published in London, a 4to *Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.* The Catalogue is prefaced by the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections; the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and was only such part of his Museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled, when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and Abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the Ecce Homo by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the Fifth, and Solyman the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negociate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinius, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

Embedded in this Catalogue, at pp. 24—39. is the following *Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet. Written by Brian Fairfax Esq. and never before published.* This *Life* is both able and graphic; and apparently authentic. As it will be new to most readers, we give it entire.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq. was the second son of Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector of Bolton Percy, and cousin to Thomas, 4th Lord Fairfax (the Parliamentary general), brother to Henry, 5th Lord, and uncle of Thomas 6th Lord Fairfax. [See *The Fairfax Correspondence.* Ed. by G. W. Johnson, i. cxx—cxxv. 1848.] In 1599, he edited *Short Memorials of Thomas* [4th] *Lord Fairfax. Written by himself.* The following gives the most favourable account of Villiers; and would seem to show that up to the Restoration, he was apparently no worse than his neighbours.

The original papers from whence this manuscript is faithfully taken, were written by Mr. BRIAN FAIRFAX, *and in the possession of the late bishop* Atterbury.

Memoirs of the Life of GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was the son of that noble favourite

to two kings; who, in the height of his fortune and flower of his age, engaged his estate and exposed his life, in the service of his king and country.

The name of Villiers is ancient and honourable in France and England. Philip de Villiers L'isle Adam, was the last great master of Rhodes, and defended it six months against the Turkish emperor, Solyman.

The duke's mother was the Lady Katherine Manners, sole daughter and heir of Francis earl of Rutland.

He was born at Wallingford house in Westminster, Jan. 30, 1627.

His elder brother, Charles, died an infant. His sister Mary was dutchess of Richmond and Lennox. His brother Francis was born at Chelsea, after his father's death.

The duke inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England; and from them both so graceful a body, as gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English court at home and abroad.

The first visit the king made to the dutchess after her husband's death, he was pleased to say, He would be a husband to her, a father to her children; and he performed his promise.

The dutchess was then great with child, and the king said, He would be godfather: Francis earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, was the other. They complimented who should give the name. The king named him Francis, and the grandfather gave him his benediction, seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother, Francis, were bred up by king Charles,* with his own children, the same tutors and governors.

They were sent to Trinity College in Cambridge, their names entered in the college-book the same year with prince Charles.

Here the duke became acquainted with two excellent men, Mr. Ab. Cowley, and Mr. Martin Clifford, whom he loved ever after, and they as faithfully and affectionately served him. [To these two a third was added afterwards, who had an equal share with them in his affection, his domestic chaplain; and it was a good argument of his own wit and judgment, and good nature, that he knew how to value a man who had all these and other good qualities to recommend him.†]

From hence they went to the king at Oxford, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, worthy to be imprinted in the memory of the royal family. This they did, not in words and compliments; for they lost their estates, and one of them, soon after, his life.

At Oxford they chose two good tutors to enter them in the war, prince Rupert and my lord Gerard; and went with them into very sharp service: the storming of the close at Litchfield.

At their return to Oxford, the dutchess, their mother, was very angry with my lord Gerard, for tempting her sons into such danger; but he told her, it was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.

For this the parliament seized on their estates, but by a rare example of their compassion, restored it again in consideration of their nonage: but the young men kept it no longer than till they came to be at age to forfeit it again.

About this time their mother married the marquis of Antrim, and thereby offended the king, and ruined herself.

They were now committed to the care of the earl of Northumberland, and were sent to travel in France and Italy, where they lived in as great state as some of those sovereign princes. Florence and Rome were the places of their residence, and they brought their religion home again, wherein they had been educated under the eye of the most devout and best of kings. The duke did not, as his predecessor, in the title of Lord Ross, had done before him, who changed his religion at Rome, and left his tutor, Mr. Mole, in the inquisition, for having translated king James's book, his admonition to princes, into latin; and Du Pleffis Morney's book of the mass into english.

Their return into England was in so critical a time, as if they had now chosen the last opportunity, as they had done the first, of venturing all in the king's service.

In the year 1648 the king was a prisoner in the isle of Wight, and his friends in several parts of England designing to renew the war; duke Hamilton in

*So in the orig.

†In the orig. this sentence is interlined.

Scotland, the earl of Holland and others in Surry, Goring in Kent, many in London and Essex, and these were the last efforts of the dying cause.

The duke and brother, my lord Francis, in the heat of their courage, engaged with the earl of Holland: and were the first that took the field about Rygate in Surry.

The parliament, with their old army, knew all these designs, and despised them; till they grew so numerous in Kent, that the general himself was sent to suppress them, who found sharp service in storming of Maidstone, and taking of Colchester.

Some troops of horse were sent, under the command of colonel Gibbons, to suppress them in Surry; and they drove my lord of Holland before them to Kingston, but engaged his party before they got thither, near Nonsuch, and defeated them.

My lord Francis, at the head of his troop having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the high way about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day.

Thus died this noble, valiant, and beautiful youth, in the twentieth year of his age. A few days before his death, when he left London, he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and he so charged his estate with them, that the parliament, who seized on the estate, payed his debts.

His body was brought from Kingston by water to York house in the Strand, and was there embalmed and deposited in his father's vault in Henry VIIth's chapel, at the abbey of Westminster; with this inscription, which it is a pity should be buried with him:

Depositum
Illustrissimi domini
Francisci Villiers
Ingentis specie juvenis
Filii posthumi Georgii
Ducis Buckinghamii
Qui vicesimo ætatis anno
Pro rege Carolo
Et patria
Fortiter pugnando
Novem honestis vulneribus acceptis
Obiit vii° die Julii
Anno Domino 1648.

The body of the illustrious lord Francis Villiers, a most beautiful youth, the posthumous son of George duke of Buckingham, who, in the 20th year of his age, fighting valiantly for king Charles and his country, having nine honourable wounds, died the 7th of July, 1648.

The duke, after the loss of his brother, hardly escaped with his life to St. Neods, whither also came the earl of Holland, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

The duke, the next morning finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, had time with his servants to get to horse, and then causing the gate to be opened, he charged the enemy, and killed the officer at the head of them, and made his escape to the sea-side, and to prince Charles who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the earl of Warwick.

And now again the parliament gave him forty days time to return to England, but he refused, and chose rather to stay with the prince, who was soon after king Charles the Second, and to follow him in his exile.

The parliament seized on his estate, the greatest of any subject in England, having now his brother's estate fallen to him; the yearly value was above £25,000.

It happened that the manor of Helmesly, which was his brother's, was given to my lord Fairfax, with York-house in the Strand, for part of his arrears, and this fortunately came to him by his marrying my lord Fairfax's daughter.

All that he had to live on beyond sea was the money he got at Antwerp for his pictures, which were part of that costly and curious collection his father got together from Italy, by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, which adorned York-house, to the admiration of all men of judgment in pictures: A note of their names and dimensions is all that is now left of them. The Ecce Homo of Titian was valued at £5000 being the figure of all the

great persons in his time. The arch-duke bought it, and it is now in the castle of Prague. These pictures were secured and sent to him by his old trusty servant, Mr. John Trayleman, who lived in York-house.

The king resolving to go into Scotland, the duke attended him, and now again the parliament offered him to compound for his estate for £20,000, which was less than a year's value; but he chose to run the king's fortune in Scotland, worse than exile, came with him out of Scotland into England; and at Worcester his escape was almost as miraculous as the king's in the royal oak. He escaped again into France, and went a voluntier into the French army, and was much regarded by all the great officers, signalizing his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes.

When he came to the English court, which was but seldom, the king was always glad to see him. He loved his person and his company; but the great men about him desired rather his room than his company.

There now happened a great turn in the course of his life. My lord Fairfax had part of his estate, about £5000 per ann. allotted him by the parliament towards the payment of his arrears due to him as general, and he remitted more than would have purchased a greater estate. They gave him the mannor of Helmesly, the seat of the noble family of Rutland in Yorkshire, as a salve for the wound he received there, being shot through the body. They gave him also York-house in London, which was also the duke's.

The duke heard how kind and generous my lord Fairfax was to the countess of Derby, in paying all the rents of the Isle of Man, which the parliament had also assigned to him for his arrears, into her own hands, and she confessed it was more than all her servants before had done.

The duke had reason to hope my lord had the same inclinations as to this estate of his, which he never accounted his own, and the duke wanted it as much as the countess.

He was not deceived in his hopes, for my lord Fairfax wished only for an opportunity of doing it. He lived in York-house, where every chamber was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He was descended from the same ancestors, earls of Rutland. Sir Guy Fairfax his two sons having married two of the daughters of the earl of Rutland; which my lord took frequent occasion to remember.

The duke resolved to try his fortune, which had hitherto been adverse enough, and he had some revenge on her, by his translation of the ode in Horace—*Fortuna sævis læta negotiis.* Over he came into England, to make love to his only daughter, a most virtu us and amiable lady. He found a friend to propose it, and I think it was Mr. Robert Harlow.

The parents consented, and the young lady could not resist his charms, being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw, &c. All his trouble in wooing was, He came, saw, and conquered.

When he came into England he was not sure either of life or liberty. He was an outlaw, and had not made his peace with Cromwell, who would have forbid the banns if he had known of his coming over. He had a greater share of his estate, had daughters to marry, and would not have liked such a conjunction of Mars and Mercury, as was in this alliance; knowing my lord's affections to the royal family, which did afterwards produce good effects towards its restoration.

They were married at Nun-Appleton, six miles from York, Sept. 7, 1657, a new and noble house built by my lord Fairfax, and where he kept as noble hospitality. His friend, Ab. Cowley, wrote an epithalamium, now printed.

When Cromwell heard of it, he rested not till he had him in the tower, and would have brought him to Tower-hill had he lived a fortnight longer.

He had liberty given him to be at York-house with his lady; but going to Cobham to see his sister, he was taken, and sent to the tower.

This so angered my lord Fairfax that he went to Whitehall to the protector, and expostulated the case so as it put him into great passion, turning abruptly from him in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat, and throwing his cloak under his arm,‖ as he used to do when he was angry. Thus I saw him take his last leave of his old acquaintance, Cromwell, whose servants expected he would be sent to bear the duke company at the tower the next morning, but the protector was wiser in his passion.

‖ *So in the orig.*

I carried the duke the news of the protector's death, and he had then leave to be a prisoner at Windsor castle, where his friend Ab. Cowley was his constant companion. Richard Cromwell soon after abdicated, and then his liberty came of course.

This was the happiest time of all the duke's life, when he went to his father-in-law's house at Appleton, and there lived orderly and decently with his own wife, where he neither wanted, nor so abounded as to be tempted to any sort of extravagance, as he was after when he came to possess his whole estate. He now understood the meaning of that paradox, *Dimidium plus toto*, with which he used to pose young scholars; and found by experience, that the half or third part of his own estate which he now enjoyed, was more than the whole which he had at the king and his restauration.

Now he lived a most regular life, no courtships but to his own wife, not so much as to his after-beloved and costly mistress, the philosopher's stone.

My lord Fairfax was much pleased with his company, and to see him so conformable to the orders and good government of the family. If they had any plots together, they were to the best purposes, the restoration of the royal family.

My lord Fairfax's maxims in politicks was, that the old veteran army which he had commanded, was not to be beaten by any new rais'd force in England; and that the king's friends shewed more affection than discretion in their plots, to restore them while they were united: and that this old army would never be beaten but by itself; as the event shewed, when Lambert and Monk divided them. But the most fatal influence of this opinion in my lord Fairfax was the night before the thirtieth of January, when some of his friends proposed to him to attempt the next day to rescue the king, telling him that twenty thousand men were ready to join with him; he said, he was ready to venture his own life, but not the lives of others against the army now united against them.

The same appeared in the insurrection of sir George Booth, which Lambert, with a brigade of this old army, did so easily suppress; the success whereof inspired him with the ambition of imitating Cromwell, in dissolving the parliament, and making himself protector.

The duke had given sufficient testimony of his loyalty, and my lord Fairfax of his affection and desire to see the royal family restored; and now was the time of doing it.

General Monk in Scotland declared against Lambert, who marched against him with a strong body of horse.

My lord Fairfax, and the duke with him, declared for Monk in Yorkshire; but the duke was obliged to withdraw, because his presence gave a jealousy, that the design was to bring in the king, which was too soon to be owned.

What the event was is well known. I shall only repeat the duke's words in an expostulatory letter to king Charles some years after.

"As to your majesty's return into England, I may justly pretend to some share; since without my lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the duke of Albemarle marched out of Scotland."

The king's restoration, *volvenda dies en attulit ultro*, restored the duke to his estate, but such a train of expence with it, as brought him acquainted with bankers and scriveners, that infested it with the gangreen of usury, which it never recovered.

At the king's coronation no subject appeared in greater splendor. None kept greater hospitality than he did at Wallingford-house, especially for the French nobility that came over. This engaged him in play, which had he continued, his estate had not lasted so long; but he resolved to give it over, and kept his resolution ever after. He was moderate in all his expences, his table, stable, laboratory. All the king's favours to him were occasions of great expence. His lord lieutenancy in Yorkshire cost him more than it did all that succeeded him. The master of the horses cost him twenty thousand pounds to the duke of Albemarle.

His embassies into France and Holland cost him more than a diamond ring could recompense: that into Holland (setting aside the politick part of it, being a consequence of that into France.

We took barge at Whitehall, June 1673, and lay that night on board the English admiral at the buoy in the Nore, the king and duke being there. The next night we came to anchor in our yacht in the Dutch fleet on the coast of Holland. The next night we were entertained by the states in the Hague. The next night we supp'd with the prince of Orange at his camp at Bodegrave. Next night with the king of France at Utrecht, where we staid two or three days, and then march'd back with him at the head of his army to Arnheim, where we visited the prince de Conde, who lay ill there of a wound in his arm, which he got passing the Rhine at Tolhua, and Marshal Turin. Thence we went with the king to Nimeguen, Grave, Boxtell, and there we parted. The king went to Paris, and we into the Spanish dominions, to Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Dunkirk, and Calais; where our yachts stayed for us, and we came to Dover, Canterbury, London; where we arrived the day month that we left it.

He was sent ambassador into France, where he was highly carressed by the king, and many of the nobility his old acquaintance. This was before the other into Holland. At his return he was chosen chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and entertained them nobly at York-house, where his father had done it on the same occasion forty years before.

He now seemed to be setting up for a favourite, but he wanted his father's diligence, which fitted him to stand before princes.

He fell into a new way of expence in building, in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls, *Insanæ substructiones;* and himself, when his friends dissuaded him from it, called it his folly.

The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities.

For his person, he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came. Of a most graceful and charming mien and behaviour; a strong, tall and active body, all which gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries. What was said of a great man in the court of queen Elizabeth, that he used to vent his discontents at court by writing from company, and writing sonnetts, may be said of him; but when he was provoked by the malice of some and ingratitude of others, he might shew that a good natured man might have an ill natured muse.

He gave a good instance of his readiness to forgive injuries. When a considerable man at court did him an injury, which he was fearful he would resent, he desired a friend to mediate for him, and endeavour a reconciliation, which he undertook. The duke told him that he did not remember he had ever injured him, if he had he freely forgave him.

His charitable disposition he seemed to inherit from his grandfather, Francis earl of Rutland, who used every quarter day at London to send his steward with bags of money to several prisons to relieve prisoners and pay their debts, bidding them thank God, and pray for their benefactor, but not telling them who it was.

He was a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger. One instance of it was when a melancholy-mad servant assaulted him with a drawn sword in his hand when he was at supper, and he with a knife disarmed him. The man was afterwards hanged for saying he would do it to the king.

The character which Sir Henry Wotton gives of his father might be said of him, viz.

"Among all the favourites which mine eyes have beheld in divers courts and times, I never saw before a strong heart and eminent condition so clearly void of all pride and shocking arrogance either in his face or in his fashion."

It is to be wished the rest of his father's character had been as true of him; his diligence and application to business, and that he had left his few honest servants in as good fortune as reputation, who never wronged him in his estate, nor flattered him in his faults, and thought they escaped well in not being oppressed under the ruins of his fortune.

[When he first began to settle his family he desired his old friends, A[braham] Cowley and M[artin] C[lifford] to recom- *In the original this para-*

mend to him a domestick chaplain. They knew how hard it was to please him; he must be a man of learning, wit, good nature, good manners, a graceful person and decent behaviour. They found one [T. Sprat, afterwards Bp. of Rochester. *See W. Oldys MS. note to G. Langbaine*] to their own mind, and to his; whom he valued as a friend, and loved as a companion; who lived to be an ornament to the church among those of the highest order. He brought the duke acquainted with another excellent person, whose friendship and conversation he much coveted, and wished he could have more of it, who attained afterwards to the highest dignity in the church, and with a lawyer as eminent in his profession: so that his father was not more happy in the choice of a few friends and servants than he was, if he had followed their advice. He saw and approved the best, but did too often *deteriora sequi*.]

graph is written on a side of paper, tacked to the other by a wafer, and is referred to by a mark. 'Tis written in the same hand.

His father had two crimes objected against him which he was not guilty of; plurality of offices, and preferring his relations. The faults objected against him were, that he loved women, and spent his estate.

His estate was his own. He had often lost it for the king, and might now be allowed to enjoy it himself. If he was *sui profusus*, he never was *alieni appetens*. If he was extravagant in spending, he was just in paying his debts, and at his death charged his debts on his estate, leaving much more than enough to pay them. "If he was a grievance, as he told the house of commons, he was the cheapest to the public that ever was complained of."

He had no children by his dutchess, nor heirs capable of inheriting his estate or title.

His amours were too notorious to be concealed, and too scandalous to be justified, by saying he was bred in the latitude of foreign climates, and now lived in a vicious age and court; where his accusers of this crime were as guilty as himself. He lay under so ill a name for this, that whenever he was shut up in his chamber, as he loved to be, *nescio quid*, or in his laboratory, *meditans purgarum*, over the fumes of charcoal, it was said to be with women. When a dirty chymist, a foxhunter, a pretender to poetry or politicks, a rehearsal should entertain him, when a messenger to summon him to council could not be admitted.

This is true of him, that of all the noise made of his loving women, he never had so much as a bastard laid to his charge, that he or any body else believed to be his own. Some pretended to love his person, but it was his estate, which smarted for it. It is hard to tell by his expence which was his favourite pleasure, I think, his chymistry at home, and fox-hunting abroad.

I will conclude his character with saying, that if human frailty will not excuse these faults, let christian charity oblige us to hope, that as God gave him time, he gave him also the grace of true repentance.

We are now come to the last scene of the tragi-comedy of his life. At the death of king Charles he went into the country to his own manor of Helmesly, the seat of the earls of Rutland in Yorkshire. King Charles was his best friend, he loved him and excused his faults. He was not so well assured of his successor. In the country he passed his time in hunting, and entertaining his friends; which he did a fortnight before his death as pleasantly and hospitably as ever he did in his life. He took cold one day after fox-hunting, by sitting on the cold ground, which cast him into an ague and fever, of which he died, after three days sickness, at a tenant's house, Kirby more side, a lordship of his own, near Helmesly, Ap. 16, 1688; ætat. 60.

The day before his death he sent to his old servant Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house at Bishop-hill at York, but the next morning the same man returned with the news that his life was despaired of. Mr. Fairfax went post, but before he got to him he was speechless. The earl of Arran, son to duke Hamilton, was with him; who, hearing he was sick, visited him in his way to Scotland.

When Mr. Fairfax came, the duke knew him, look'd earnestly at him, and held him by the hand, but could not speak. Mr. Fairfax ask'd a gentleman there present, a justice of peace, and a worthy discreet man in the neighbourhood, what he had said or done before he became speechless. He told

me some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer. Then he was admonished of the danger he was in, which he seemed not to apprehend; he was ask'd, if he would have the minister of the parish sent for to pray with him, to which he gave no answer; which made another question be asked, If he would have a popish priest; to which he answered with great vehemence, no, no! repeating the words, He would have nothing to do with them. Then the aforesaid gentleman, Mr. Gibson, ask'd him again if he would have the minister sent for, and he calmly answered, Yes, pray send for him. This was the morning and he died that night. The minister came, and did the office required by the church; the duke devoutly attending it, and received the sacrament, and an hour after became speechless; but appearing sensible, we had the prayers of the church repeated by his bed-side, recommending him to the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Thus he died quietly in his bed, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster-abbey, and there laid in the vault with his father and brothers, in Hen. the VIIth's chapel.

Mary dutchess of Buckingham was the only daughter of Thomas lord Fairfax, and Ann. the daughter of Horace Lord Vere. A most virtuous and pious lady, in a vitious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Hen. VIIth's chapel, anno 1705. ætat. 66.

2. The following, in grisly contrast to Fairfax's account, comes from Lord PETERBOROUGH.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—*Spence's Anecdotes, Malone's Edition*, 1820, *p.* 164.

3. Bp. G. BURNET, in his *History of my own Times*, gives this character:—

He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature: Only he was drawn into chymistry: And for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone; which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, vertue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolick, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct. He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, tho' then the greatest in *England*. He was bred about the King: And for many years he had a great ascendent over him: But he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted. He found the King, when he came from his travels in the year 45, newly come to *Paris*, sent over by his father when his affairs declined: And finding the King enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by the Lord *Percy*. And to compleat the matter, *Hobbs* was brought to him, under the pretence of instructing him in mathematicks: And he laid before him his schemes, both with relation to religion and politicks, which made deep and lasting impressions on the King's mind. So that the main blame of the King's ill principles, and bad morals, was owing to the Duke of *Buckingham*. *i.* 100. *Ed.* 1724.

4. Count GRAMMONT, in his *Memoirs*, thus sketches him about the year 1663.

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart [afterwards privately married to the Duke of Richmond, which marriage was publicly declared in Apr. 1667] was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment; yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. *pp.* 141–2. *Ed.* 1846.

5. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*, in a collection of *Characters* chiefly written between 1667 and 1669, in Wales; but first printed by R. Thyer, in *Genuine Remains*, in 1759, has the following one, entitled *A Duke of Bucks.*

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt[s] it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow

all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. *Paul*, tho' in a different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains. *ii.* 72—5.

6. DRYDEN published anonymously, on 17th November, 1681, the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (which went through five editions in two years) in which he gives the following character of Buckingham :—

Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who coud every hour employ!
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Rayling and praising were his usual Theams;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but coud ne're be Chief:
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom* and his wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Dryden, writing—after Buckingham was dead and buried—his *Dedication* [the subject of which is the Origin and Progress of Satire] to the *Satires of Juvenal*, London, fol. 1693, gives his own opinion of this sketch :—

How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely. . . . This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. . . . I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies. To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick *p. xlii.*

THE REHEARSAL.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the year 1708, was publiſhed in London, *Roſcius Anglicanus, or an Hiſtorical Review of the Stage*, by JOHN DOWNES. In a prefatory Addreſs 'To the Reader,' he gives the following account of himſelf:—

The Editor of the enſuing Relation, being long Converſant with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant*, at his Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, Open'd there 1662. And as Book keeper and Prompter, continu'd ſo, till *October* 1706. He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and Attending every Morning the Actors Rehearſals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erronious in his Relation. But as to the Actors of *Drury-Lane* Company, under Mr. *Thomas Killigrew*, he having the Account from Mr. *Charles Booth* ſometimes Book-keeper there; If he a little Deviates, as to the Succeſſive Order, and exact time of their Plays Performances, He begs Pardon of the Reader, and Subſcribes himſelf, His very Humble Servant. *John Downes.*

He then proceeds to give an account of the two companies, their members, plays, &c., of which the following are ſome of the more eſſential portions:—

In the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, there were Six Play Houſes allow'd in Town: The *Black-Fryars* Company, His Majeſty's Servants; The Bull in St. *John's-ſtreet*; another in *Salisbury Court*; another call'd the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*; all which continu'd Acting till the beginning of the ſaid Civil Wars. The ſcattered Remnant of ſeveral of theſe Houſes, upon King *Charles*'s Reſtoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a new Houſe in *Gibbon's Tennis Court* in *Clare-Market*; in which Two Places they continu'd Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662 and part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in *Drury Lane*: Mr. *Thomas Killigrew* gaining a Patent from the King in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they call'd themſelves his Majeſty's Company of Comedians in *Drury Lane*. . . . The Company being thus Compleat, they open'd the New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, on *Thurſday* in *Eaſter* Week, being the 8th, Day of *April* 1663. With *The Humorous Lieutenant.**

* pp. 1-3.

Many others [*i.e.* Plays] were Acted by the Old Company at the Theatre Royal, from the time they begun, till the Patent descended to Mr. *Charles Killigrew*, which in 1682, he join'd it to Dr. *Davenant*'s Patent, whose Company Acted then in *Dorset* Garden, which upon the Union, were Created the King's Company: After which, Mr. *Hart* Acted no more, having a Pension to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.*

Next follows an Account of the Rise and Progression, of the Dukes Servants; under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant* who upon the said Junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and Created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General *Monk*, Marching then his Army out of *Scotland* to *London*. Mr. *Rhodes* a Bookseller being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am inform'd) to King *Charles* the First's, Company of Comedians in *Black-Friars*; getting a License from the then Governing State, fitted up a House then for Acting call'd the *Cock Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, and in a short time Compleated his Company.† . . . . .

In this Interim, Sir *William Davenant* gain'd a Patent from the King, and Created Mr. *Betterton* and all the rest of *Rhodes*'s Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord *Manchester* then Lord Chamberlain, to Serve his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.‡ . . .

His Company being now Compleat, Sir *William* in order to prepare Plays to Open his Theatre, it being then a Building in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, His Company Rehears'd the First and Second Part of 'The Siege of *Rhodes*'; and 'The Wits' at *Pothecaries-Hall*: And in Spring 1662, Open'd his House with the said Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the first that e're were Introduc'd in *England*.§ . . . .

These being all the Principal, which we call'd Stock-Plays; that were *Acted* from the Time they Open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May 1665, at which time the *Plague* began to Rage: The Company ceas'd *Acting*; till the *Christmass* after the Fire in 1666.‖ . . . .

The new Theatre in *Dorset-Garden* being Finish'd, and our Company after Sir *William*'s [Davenant] Death, being under the Rule and Dominion of his Widow the Lady *Davenant*, Mr *Betterton*, and Mr *Harris*, (Mr *Charles Davenant* her Son *Acting* for her) they remov'd from *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* thither. And on the Ninth Day of *November* 1671, they open'd their new Theatre with Sir *Martin Marral*.¶ . . . . that wer

All the preceding Plays, being the cheife *Acted* in *Dorset-Garden*, from *November* 1671, to the Year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company United Patents, and by so Incorporating the Duke's Company were made the King's Company, and immediately remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.**

* p. 16. † p. 17. ‡ p. 19. § p. 20. ‖ p. 26. ¶ p. 31. ** p. 39.

Such is the hiſtory, by an eye-witneſs, of the London ſtage ſoon after the Reſtoration.

The then general ſtate of ſociety and town life is deſcribed in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's *Hiſtory of England*. At preſent we have only to deal with one particular faſhion of dramatic compoſition. —the new, grandiloquent, bombaſtic, pſeudo-heroic plays, introduced by D'Avenant, and having for their maſter-writer Dryden. It is impoſſible here to meaſure the extravagance of theſe plays: ſomewhat, however, may be gathered from the Illuſtrations to the preſent work.

Aſſociated with this was the inordinate uſe of rhyming verſe. Dryden in early life fought the battle of rhyme againſt Sir Robert Howard; only afterwards publicly to abandon it, in his *Lines to the Earl of Roſcommon*, in 1680.

To ridicule theſe rhyming mouthing plays and with not a little perſonality—after the common cuſtom of that time—to attack their authors, were the chief objects of Villiers and his coadjutors in writing *The Rehearſal*. Its merit however is as much in its conception as in its execution: in ſeeing that the popular rant was rant, and in determining to expoſe it: as in writing the ſtudied nonſenſe of which this play is ſo largely compoſed. Hence, the importance of *The Rehearſal* in our national literature, is not ſo much from its intrinſic merits, moſt laughable as are ſome of the parodies; but from its marking—deſpite a partial failure to influence at the time—a bend in the ſtream of dramatic compoſition.

Two ſcholars, who have well ſtudied this portion of our literary hiſtory, give the following accounts of this play.

EDMOND MALONE, in his *Life of Dryden*, thus writes:

> The great ſucceſs which had attended Dryden's heroick plays, doubtleſs excited the jealouſy of the rival candidates for fame. In this claſs, however, we cannot place Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was ſo far from exerciſing his pen in any performance of that kind, that he thought the loud applauſe which had been beſtowed for ſome years on the rhyming tragedies produced

by D'Avenant, Dryden, Stapylton, Howard, Killigrew, and others, much misplaced, and resolved to correct the publick taste by holding them up to ridicule. With this view, in conjunction, it is said, with Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter-House, Butler, Sprat, and others, he wrote the celebrated farce entitled THE REHEARSAL. Some of the contemporary writers have stated, that it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy; and with justice express their surprise, that such a combination of wits, and a period of ten years, should have been requisite for a work, which apparently a less numerous band could have produced without such mighty throws. In the Key to this piece, published by a bookseller in 1704, we are told, that it was written, and ready for representation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of *Bilboa*, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That some interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not improbable, but assuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of *Bilboa*, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcastle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumstance of the patch that in the course of the drama he is obliged to wear on his nose; which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Besides, he was a much more distinguished character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as superintendant of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroick plays on the English stage. The allusions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are so few and inconsiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object.——As soon as it was resolved that Dryden should be the hero, an abundant use was made of his INDIAN EMPEROR and CONQUEST OF GRANADA; yet the author was unwilling to lose any of the strokes which were peculiarly levelled at D'Avenant, and thus the piece became a kind of patchwork.

This lively farce was first performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was published in the following year. . . . . Much of the success, doubtless, was owing to the mimickry employed, Dryden's dress, and manner, and usual expressions, were all minutely copied, and the Duke of Buckingham took incredible pains in teaching Lacy, the original performer of Bayes, to speak some passages of that part, in these he probably imitated Dryden's mode of recitation, which was by no means excellent.*

A more recent editor, Mr. ROBERT BELL in his *Life of Dryden* prefixed to his *Poetical Works*, gives this account of the present play.

Davenant enjoys the credit of having introduced what were called heroic plays. Dryden established them. They were

* *Critical and Mis. Prose Works of J. Dryden*, i. 94—100. Ed. 1800.

called heroic becauſe they were written in a language elevated above nature, and exhibit paſſion in a ſtate of maniacal ecſtaſy. Theſe pieces had now held poſſeſſion of the ſtage ſome nine or ten years, when the Duke of Buckingham undertook to expoſe their abſurdities in *The Rehearſal*, produced in the winter of 1671. It is ſaid that he was aſſiſted in the deſign by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. This is probable enough, from the ſtructure of the ridicule, which reſembles a piece of moſaic work. Davenant was originally meant for the hero, but his recent death ſeems to have led to the ſubſtitution of Dryden, who was on other accounts a more conſpicuous mark for this ſort of ſatire. Not ſatisfied with parodying ſome of the moſt familiar paſſages in Dryden's plays, the Duke of Buckingham took conſiderable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed *Bayes*, to mimic his author in his manner of reciting them. Dryden was notoriouſly a bad reader, and had a heſitating and tedious delivery, which, ſkilfully imitated in lines of ſurpaſſing fury and extravagance, muſt have produced an irreſiſtible effect upon the audience. The humour was enhanced by the dreſs, geſticulations, and by-play of the actor, which preſented a cloſe imitation of his original. Dryden bore this unwarrantable attack in ſilence; being fully conscious, no doubt, that ſo far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanſwerable. But he afterwards ſhowed that he had a keen ſenſe of the obligations the duke had laid him under on this occaſion, and he diſcharged them in full, with compound intereſt, in his *Abſalom and Achitophel.*

The town was highly amuſed, although its taſte was not in the leaſt degree corrected, by *The Rehearſal.* Heroic plays continued to flouriſh as long as Dryden continued to write them; a drudgery which his neceſſities impoſed upon him for ſeveral years afterwards. . . .

Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674. . . .†

Five editions of *The Rehearſal* appeared in the Author's life time. Of the ſecond and third I cannot learn even the dates. There is a copy of the fourth, 1683, in the Bodleian. An examination of the fifth, 1687, would ſeem to ſhow a general permanence of the text, but that, probably in each edition, there were here and there additions and alterations *en bloc*, inſtigated by the appearance of freſh heroic plays: ſome of theſe additions increaſe, with the multiplying corruption of the times, in perſonality and moral offenſiveneſs. For our literary hiſtory, the firſt edition is ſufficient. That, the reader now has.

Annot. Ed. of Eng. Poets. J. Dryden, i. 40—42. *Ed.* 1854.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—'THE REHEARSAL.'

* Editions not seen. † Editions having the 'Key' either before or after the text. § having the 'Key' in footnotes.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1672. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps:* see title at p. 25.
2. ? *Second edition.*
3. ? *Third edition.*
4. *1683. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Fourth edition.* There is a copy in Bodleian Library.
5. 1687. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. 'The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

6. 1692. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Sixth Edition.*
7. 1701. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Seventh Edition.*
10. 1710. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal'; a Comedy Written by his Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM to expose some Plays then in vogue, and their Authors. With a Key and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most material passages of this piece, and to point out the authors and Writings here exposed. Never Printed with it before. London Printed in the year 1710.
13. †1735. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Thirteenth Edition.*
15. †1755. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Fifteenth Edition.*
16. 1768. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Seventeenth Edition.* With the new occasional Prologue, written by PAUL WHITEHEAD Esq. on opening Covent Garden Theatre, Sept the 14th 1767.
21. 2 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints.* See title at page 1.

II. *With other Works.*

8. *1704. London. ? vols. 8vo. Works. *First edition.*
11. §1711–12. London. 10 vols. 8vo. *A Collection of the best English Plays. Chosen out of all the best Authors.* Printed for the Company of Booksellers. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
12. †1715 (1714). London. 2 vols. 8vo. The Dramatick works of his Grace George Villiers, Late Duke of Buckingham. With his Miscellaneous Poems, Essays and Letters. *Adorn'd with cuts.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
14. §1754. Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo. The genuine Works of his Grace George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Compleat. pp. 159–247.
17. 1787. London. ? 1 vol. 8vo. *Theatrical Magazine.* 'The Rehearsal.' A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Convent Garden.
18. 1797. London. 34 vols. 8vo. *Bell's British Theatre.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 29.
19. †1761–1808. 2 vols. 8vo. An edition of Villiers' Works: prepared by Bishop Percy, but never published. It was nearly all destroyed by fire in 1808. *See pp.* 'The Rehearsal,' and its 'Key,' are in Vol. 1.
20. †1811. London. 5 vols. 8vo. *The Modern British Drama.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 4.

∴ This list is imperfect.

THERE is no authoritative explanation of the allusions and parodies in the present play. All that can be done is to summarize the successive attempts at its exposition.

1. Twenty years after its appearance, but in Dryden's life-time; GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of it, in his *Eng. Dram. Poets.* Oxenford. *p.* 546. *Ed.* 1691.

Rehearsal, a Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal; printed [4th Edit.] quarto *Lond.* 1683. This Play is ascribed to the Late Duke of *Buckingham*, and will ever be valued by Ingenious Men. There are some who pretend to furnish a *Clavis* to it; my Talent not lying to Politicks, I know no more of it, than that the Author lashes several Plays of Mr. Dryden; As *Conquest of Granada*, *Tyrannick Love*, *Love in a Nunnery*, and some passages of other Plays; as *The Siege of Rhodes*, *Virgin Widow*, *Slighted Maid*, *Villain*, *English Monsieur*, *&c.*

2. Dean LOCKIER in Spence's ANECDOTES, *p.* 63. *Ed.* 1820, remarks,

The Rehearsal (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was) and Butler's inimitable poem of Hudibras, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commended. Tonson has a good Key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.

3. Only two Keys have ever been printed: it may be well to consider their respective histories, before we take them in connection with the text.

(a) In 1704, in the first edition of Villiers' works in 8vo, of which I cannot learn of any copy anywhere, appeared—S. BRISCOE's Key, which has been very often reprinted; at first separate from the text in 1710, next with it as footnotes: see opposite page.

(b) June 12, 1761. Bp. T. PERCY entered into an agreement with Mess. Tonson, to publish an edition of the Works of George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, for which he received 52 guineas. J. Nichols *Lit. Anec.* 18*th Cent. iii.* 758. Ed. 1812.

On 15 Jan. 1764, Bp. Percy thus writes to Dr. Birch.

I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the Rehearsal' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days Adventure, or the New Utopia, 4to 1671,' if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I intreat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?—J. B. Nichols. *Ill. of Lit. Hist. vii.* 572. *Ed.* 1848.

Twenty-eight years later; Bp. Percy, thus writes to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, under date 11 Aug. 1792.

I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about 25 years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons. they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both those works aside, till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject.

. . . . . .

Of the 'Duke of Buckingham' Tonson wished to have every thing collected which had ever been ascribed to him: but I believe I shall only recommend to my nephew to publish what is numbered vol. 1. in the sheets now offered to your Lordship. Between the 'Rehearsal' and the 'Key' were once printed the 'Chances' and the 'Restoration': but the intermediate sheets have been cancelled and consigned to the trunk-makers. And the same fate

awaits the smaller pieces, collected into what is herewith numbered vol. II. They are only submitted to your Lordship in confidence, and I believe you will think them scarcely deserving republication.—J. B. Nichols, *Idem, viii. p.* 289.

Mr. Nichols thus narrates the fate of this edition.

Dr. Percy had, soon after the year 1760, proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of 'Surrey's Poems,' and also with a good edition of the Works of Villiers Duke of Buckingham; both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion; when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage in 1808. *Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii.* 161. Ed. 1812.

Of this edition there is a copy in 2 Vols, complete so far as prepared but without a printed title page, in the British Musueum. [Press Mark, C. 39. g.] The MS. title-page thus runs, 'An edition prepared by Bp. Percy. But never published. Nearly unique.' There is however under Press Mark, 643. e 10. a fragment of the first Volume containing the Rehearsal and its Key.

4. Prefaced to both these 'Keys' is an introduction. I give first Bp. PERCY's, because though a century later in date, it describes that of 1704.

b. *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE former KEY hath long been complained of as inaccurate and defective; and yet has commonly past for the work of the Duke of Buckingham. That it is the former, and cannot be the latter, a slight perusal must convince every Reader. The Duke could not be ignorant of his own meaning, nor doubtful about the aim of his own satire; yet many passages in that work display both ignorance and doubt. That the Preface prefixed to it was written long after the death of our noble author, evidently appears from several passages: Thus the author quotes Collier's view of the stage, which was first published in 1698, whereas the Duke died in 1687. He also speaks of the Rehearsal as having flourished in print two and thirty years, which brings it down to the year 1704, when the first edition of the KEY was printed.

We are not to wonder that an explanation of so popular a satire should be wanted at that time by the public, or that the booksellers should be desirous of profiting by its impatience. Accordingly in the 7th Edition of the Rehearsal printed in 1701 4to, the title-page promises "Some explanatory notes;" but these upon examination appear to be only four slight marginal references, two of which are false, and a third superfluous. At length in the second volume of the Duke's works 8vo. the larger attempt appeared under the following title

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL OR A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS AND Their Writings, that are exposed in that celebrated Play:

Written by his Grace GEORGE late Duke of Buckingham

LONDON: Printed for *S. Briscoe*, 1704.

Here by a little bookseller's craft in making a break after the word PLAY, the KEY is represented as written by the Duke; when probably at first no more was meant than that the play was written by him. After all 'tis possible, that the key may have been supplied in part from some of the Duke's papers, and then the errors and defects are to be charged on those who put them together and made additions to them.

Erroneous and defective, as that attempt was, the public had little room to expect a better. It is near a century since the Rehearsal was first printed; and who at this distance of time could hope to recover any considerable matters of explanation, that had escaped former inquirers?. No such sanguine expectations had the present compiler. The deficiences of the former key led him sometimes to look into the plays referred to, but without any intention of attempting a new one. He soon found however that some obvious improvements might still be made; and the success of his researches encouraged him to extend them; 'till at length he resolved by a professed pursuit, to compleat what he had begun by accidental snatches. To this he was encouraged by the free access, which Mr. Garrick in the politest manner gave him to his large collection of old plays; by far the compleatest ever made in these kingdoms. Here the editor found almost every dramatic piece in our

Continued at pages 26, 32, 36, 46, 48.

THE REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White-Lyon*, next *Chancery-lane* end in *Fleet-street*. 1672.

[1] Dryden, in his prefatory Eſſay *Of Heroique Playes* to *The Conqueſt of Granada*, Ed. 1672, thus gives the origin of the new way of writing plays.

"For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it [*i. e.*, Rhyme] without the mixture of Proſe) the firſt light we had of them on the *Engliſh Theatre* was from the late Sir *William D'Avenant*: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, becauſe they contain'd ſome matter of Scandal to thoſe good people, who could more eaſily diſpoſſeſs their lawful Sovereign then endure a wanton jeaſt; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way; and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verſe, and perform'd in *Recitative Muſique*. The Original of this muſick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the *Italian Operas*: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of *Corneille* and ſome *French Poets*. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majeſties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a juſt *Drama*; but as few men have the happineſs to begin and finiſh any new project, ſo neither did he live to make his deſign perfect."

[2] (*a*) GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of Lacy:—

A Comedian whoſe Abilities in Action were ſufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; inſomuch that I am apt to believe, that as *this* Age never had, ſo the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at leaſt not his *Superiour*. He was ſo well approv'd of by King *Charles* the Second, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three ſeveral Figures in the ſame Table, *viz.* That of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard*, in *The Variety:* which piece is ſtill in being in *Windſor Caſtle*. Nor did his Talent wholly lye in Acting, he knew both how to judge and write Plays: and if his Comedies are ſomewhat allied to French Farce, 'tis out of choice, rather than want of Ability to write true Comedy.

Account of Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 317. Oxenford, 1691.

Lacy wrote four Comedies, printed in the following years:—

Dumb Lady, or *The Farriar made Phyſitian*, 1672, 4to.
Old Troop, or *Monſieur Ragou*, 1672, 4to.
Sawny the Scot, or *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1677, 4to.
Sir Hercules Buffoon, or *The Poetical Squire*, 1684, 4to.

(*b*) Dean LOCKIER, in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63, Ed. 1820, ſays:—

It is incredible what pains Buckingham took with one of the actors, to teach him to ſpeak ſome paſſages in Bayes' part, in *The Rehearſal* right.

This actor was Lacy, *ſee p.* 16.

[1]PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-play of ours
A Poſie made of Weeds inſtead of Flowers;
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this night,
What ſtuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, briſk, inſipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull ſence; but oft'ner, none at all:
There, ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King *Cambyſes* vain.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragœdy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the ſtate
Of thoſe high-flyers whom I imitate:
And juſtly too; for I will ſhew you more
Than ever they vouchſaf'd to ſhew before:
I will both repreſent the feats they do,
And give you all their reaſons for 'em too.
Some honour to me will from this ariſe.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what was once ſo prais'd you now deſpiſe;
Then I'l cry out, ſwell'd with Poetique rage,
'Tis I, *John Lacy*,[2] have reform'd your Stage.

The Actors Names.

BAYES.
JOHNSON.
SMITH.
Two Kings of Brentford.
Prince Pretty-man.
Prince Volſcius.
Gentleman Uſher.
Phyſician.
Drawcanſir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fiſherman.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE. BRENTFORD.

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNS. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

SMI. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

JOHNS. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

SMI. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent compoſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

JOHNS. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Buſineſs.

language, and had thereby an advantage, which perhaps no former compiler ever had, in having all his materials ready collected to his hands. He had nothing to do, but sit down and examine: he accordingly read over every play, which the Duke could be supposed to have in his eye; chiefly all such as were either published or revived from the time of the Restoration till the publication of the Rehearsal: for tho' the Duke's view was chiefly to satirize what was then called "the new way of writing," yet he often exposes absurdities of longer standing, chiefly when the plays, which contained them, had been revived afresh, or still continued to captivate the publick.

How far the research upon the whole has been successful the Reader will judge from the following pages. He will find many obscurities removed; and numerous references recovered: far more of both than could reasonably be expected, considering that no assistance could be had but what is fetched from books, and that all personal information has been long since swallowed up in the gulph of time. It must however be acknowledged that our inquiries have not always been successful: Some passages still remain. that evidently allude to absurdities then current upon the stage, yet of which we could find no traces in any play then published. But this is no more than might be expectd: We have that one play,* which the Duke has professedly ridiculed, was damned in the representation and therefore never printed; and the same might also be the case with others. Again the authors might remove the offensive passages from such plays as they published, so that no appearance of them is now remaining. After all. we are not to suppose that so masterly a pencil, as the Duke's, when finishing such a character as that of Bayes. would be confined to a mere dead likeness: he would not fail to heighten the caricature with a thousand touches supplied from his own fancy, and bring in whatever served to render the piece compleat, whether it resembled the original or not.

Altho' the former key was faulty, it contained some particulars too valuable to be suppressed; we have therefore inserted the several articles everywhere in our own, taking care to correct the mistakes, and distinguishing every such article by an asterisk (*). We have also retained the former preface; as it preserved the memory of certain facts necessary to the illustration of the Rehearsal, and not found anywhere else.

We next give BRISCOE's address.

a. *The Publisher to the Reader.*

THOU canst not be ignorant, that the town has had an eager expectation of a KEY to the REHEARSAL ever since it first appeared in print; and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, tho' in vain: Till lately a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune over a pot of beer to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors: and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore, that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramatick poet, or a natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped ere long M. COLLIER and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson. Shakespear, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my

* *The United Kingdoms, by Col. Henry Howard.* See pp. 46 and 90.]

Continued at p. 32.

SMI. Indeed, I have ever obſerved, that your grave lookers are the dulleſt of men.

JOHNS. I, and of Birds, and Beaſts too: your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

SMI. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

JOHNS. Why, as I uſe to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) such hideous, monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid nonſence of your pretenders to Buſineſs, as the more ingenious paſtime.

SMI. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

JOHNS. I, ſo do ſome of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

SMI. New kind? what kind is that?

JOHNS. Why, your Blade, your frank Perſons, your Drolls: fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and ſurpriſe.

SMI. Elevate, and ſurpriſe? pr'ythee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

JOHNS. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'l tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sence.

Mr. BAYES *paſſes o'er the Stage.*

BAYES. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very ſervant, Sir.

JOHNS. Godſo, this is an Author: I'l fetch him to you.

SMI. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

JOHNS. Nay, by the Lord, I'l have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my ſake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

'In fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*.

The uſual language of the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Eſq.; at the Rehearſal of his Plays. . . . *Key*, 1704.

BAYES. Sir, it is not within my ſmall capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; eſpecially from a perſon that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impoſe, Sir, upon this.——Sweet Sir, your servant.

SMI. Your humble servant, Sir.

JOHNS. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

BAYES. I, Sir: What is't?

JOHNS. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy laſt Play.

BAYES. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot.

JOHNS. I, I; any thing.

BAYES. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may ſay is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I muſt tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit; and, though I ſay it, a better than my laſt: and you know well enough how that took. 'In fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its laſt Rehearſal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to ſee it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may bluſh, I ſhall not be aſham'd to diſcover its nakedneſs unto you.——I think it is o' this ſide. [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

JOHNS. Sir, I confeſs I am not able to anſwer you in this new way; but if you pleaſe to lead, I ſhall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do ſo too.

SMI. I, Sir, I have no buſineſs ſo conſiderable, as ſhould keep me from your company.

BAYES. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

JOHNS. *Drama Common places!* pray what's that?

BAYES. Why, Sir, ſome certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make uſe of.

SMI. How, Sir, help for Wit?

BAYES. I, Sir, that's my poſition. And I do here

I.

[1]He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From *French* and *Engliſh* Theaters has brought
Th' exacteſt Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnſons* humour, with *Corneilles* rhyme.

J. DRYDEN, *Prologue to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*. Ed. 1668.

[2]In Dryden's lifetime, GERARD LANGBAINE, in his *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, Ed. 1691, *p.* 169, noticing Dryden's *Secret Love* or *The Maiden Queen*, says:—I cannot paſs by his making uſe of *Bayes*'s Art of Tranſverſing, as any One may obſerve by comparing the Fourth *Stanza* of his Firſt Prologue, with the laſt Paragraph of the Preface of *Ibrahim*.

The title of this work, is as follows: "*Ibrahim. Or the Illuſtrious Baſſa.* An excellent new Romance. The whole Work, in foure Parts. Written in French by *Monſieur de Scudery*. And now Engliſhed by HENRY COGAN, gent. London 1652." The paragraph referred to, runs thus:—

Behold, Reader, that which I had to ſay to you, but what defence ſoever I have imployed, I know that it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war, where notwithſtanding all the care the Engineer hath brought to fortifie it, there is alwayes ſome weak part found, which he hath not dream'd of, and whereby it is aſſaulted; but this ſhall not ſurprize me; for as
I have not forgot that I am a man, no more
have I forgot that I am ſubject to erre.

This is thus verſified in the fourth ſtanza of the ſame *Prologue*.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have ſtill ſome weaker ſide
By the o're-ſeen Defendant uneſpy'd.

averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a Stage, except it be with the help of theſe my Rules.[1]

JOHNS. What are thoſe Rules, I pray?

BAYES. Why, Sir. my firſt Rule is the Rule of Tranſverſion,[2] or *Regula Duplex:* changing Verſe into Proſe, or Proſe into verſe, *alternative* as you pleaſe.

SMI. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more eaſie when underſtood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home, or elſewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has ſome, I Tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe, put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time) if it be Verſe, put it into Proſe.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be call'd Tranſproſing.

BAYES. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

SMI. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

BAYES. Make it my own. 'Tis ſo alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray obſerve.

JOHNS. Well, we hear you: go on.

BAYES. As thus. I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where wittie men reſort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I ſlap it down, and make that, too, my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

BAYES. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of theſe things.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

BAYES. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

SMI. What Rule can that be?

Continued from page 26.

leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged; saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over, and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he, go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet Street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and ere we had emptied one bottle, I found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied anything with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he stept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers, which contain the following notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well, that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine. He assured me they were, and told me farther:

That while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing him discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning, as he himself had.

If any other persons had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these TWO AND THIRTY YEARS; (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us, on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topicks to be insisted on.

Continued at page 36.

BAYES. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but preſently turn o'er this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perſeus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's lives*, and the reſt, have ever thought, upon this ſubject: and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

JOHNS. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

BAYES. I, Sirs, when you come to write your ſelves, o' my word you'l find it ſo. But, Gentlemen, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacie of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the effects.

SMI. We'l follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gheſs for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [*Play.*] Phoo! the Author will be here preſently, and he'l tell us all. You muſt know, this is the new way of writing; and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand deſign upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in ſuſpence; for to gheſs preſently at the plot, and the ſence, tires 'em before the end of the firſt Act: now, here, every line ſurpriſes you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and theſe are the things, you know, that are eſſential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, ſo it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

[1] The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*. . . *Key* 1704.

The licentiousness of Dryden's plays admits of no palliation or defence. He wrote for a licentious stage in a profligate age, and supplied, much to his own disgrace, the kind of material the vicious taste of his audiences demanded. Nor will it serve his reputation to contrast his productions in this way with those of others. Shadwell alone transcended him in depravity. But there is some compensation for all his grossness in turning from his plays to his life, and marking the contrast. The morality of his life—the practical test of his heart and his understanding– was unimpeachable. The ingenuity of slander was exhausted in assailing his principles, and exposing his person to obloquy —but the morality of his life comes pure out of the furnace. The only hint of personal indiscretion ascribed to him is that of having eaten tarts with Mrs. Reeve the actress, in the Mulberry garden, which, if true, amounts to nothing, but which, trivial as it is, must be regarded as apocryphal. To eat tarts with an actress did not necessarily involve any grave delinquency in a poet who was writing for the theatre; yet upon this slight foundation, for I have not been able to discover that it rests upon any other, a suspicion has been raised, that Mrs. Reeve was his mistress. By way, however, of mitigating the odium of this unwarrantable imputation, it is added, that after his marriage Dryden renounced all such associations. But his relations with Mrs. Reeve, if he ever had any, must have been formed after his marriage, as a reference to dates will show, so that the suppositious scandal, as it has been transmitted to us, conveys its own refutation.

R. Bell. *Life of Dryden*, i. 91. Ed. 1854.

[2] Two Kings of *Brentford*, fuppofed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. [See note at p. 90.] . . *Key* 1704.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.——a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play*. Yes, Sir.

BAYES. But do you underſtand the true humour of it?

1 *Play*. I, Sir, pretty well.

BAYES. And *Amarillis*, how does ſhe do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play*. O, admirably!

BAYES. I'l tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'l make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

SMI. What, I pray?

BAYES. Why I'l make 'em call her *Armarillis*, becauſe of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. That will be very well, indeed.

BAYES, I, it's a pretty little rogue; ſhe is my Miſtreſs.[1] I knew her face would ſet off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to ſay, without vanity, I'l ſhew you ſomething, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad. [*Exeunt Players.*

JOHNS. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

BAYES. Pray, Sir, let's ſit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hindge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the variety of all the ſeveral accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe two Kings[2] to be of the ſame place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the ſame relations to 'em both, the ſame affections, the ſame duty, the ſame obedience, and all that; are divided among themſelves in point of devoir and intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: theſe Kings differing ſometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Continued from page 32.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.
2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any furthor direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two heads, and then take my leave of you: wishing you good success with your preface, and that your KEY may prove a GOLDEN ONE.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn *Prefacer*, tho' against my will. And thus I set out,

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are anything acquainted with the age, know already: *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble GEORGE VILLIERS, late Duke of BUCKINGHAM, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgement, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late age; viz. Shakespear, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died) as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Fryars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, (a near relation to the Lord High Treasurer of England that now is, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel Annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage; We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be never so vicious, fantastick, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece. which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (Now Bishop of Sarum) calls 'a correction,' and 'an unmerciful exposing;' and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government, that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of THE RESTORATION, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries, to which the King and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

* *This is a mistake. The Duke of Buckingham was born Jan.* 30, 1627. *Ben Johnson died Aug.* 6, 1637. Bp. Percy.

Continued at page 46.

JOHNS. I did not obſerve you, Sir: pray ſay that again.

BAYES. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'l never underſtand my notion of the thing) the people being embarraſt by their equal tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own intereſt, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a——you underſtand me ——upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral diſputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you ſee it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

SMI. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any ſence of this.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

SMI. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

BAYES. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by inſinuation, good language, and all that, to——a ——in a manner, ſteal your plaudit from the courteſie of the Auditors: the other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring perſons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad,

[1] There were printed Papers given the Audience before the Acting of the *Indian* Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the *Indian* Queen, Part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes*, &c. . . . . *Key* 1704.

The text of these papers is prefixed to the Play It runs thus.

Connexion of the *Indian Emperour*, to the *Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma;* who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happened the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Taxallan-Indians*, the invetrate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly Subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them as their Habits, and their Language.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

[2] "Persons, egad, I vow to gad, and all that"
is the constant style of Failer, in the *Wild Gallant;* for which take this short speech, instead of many. . . . . *Key* 1704.

Failer. Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all persons in the World; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would———

J. DRYDEN. *Wild Gallant.* Act ii, Scene ii. p. 23. Ed. 1669.

I'l e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a——

SMI. But, ſuppoſe they do not.

BAYES. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppoſe quoth a!—— [*Walks away.*]

JOHNS. Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh, here, of the Town.

BAYES. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome perſons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

JOHNS. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

BAYES. I'm ſure the deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of papyr, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes:[1] and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be readie in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

BAYES. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons,[2] they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than ſo many Hobby-horſes; but they'l laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things that, A gad, I'm ſure they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts, and think to build their

[1] (*a*) He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year. . . . . *Key* 1704.

(*b*) E. Malone, *Life of Dryden*, p. 72-74, Ed. 1800, adduces evidence to show that the number of plays was three a year, for which Dryden received 1¼ share in the King's Company, equal to about £300 or £400 a year.

fame, by calumniating of perſons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the world are, in nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that, as—— a——In fine, I'l ſay no more of 'em.

JOHNS. I, I, you have ſaid enough of 'em in conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'l ever be able to anſwer.

BAYES. Why, I'l tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious perſons, and choice female ſpirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more ſet pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

JOHNS. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

BAYES. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me,[1] that I cannot be diſingag'd from; otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

SMI. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

BAYES. I, but how do you like it? (for I ſee you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

JOHNS. Faith, Sir, it's ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

BAYES. No, no; that won't do. Beſides, I have made another.

JOHNS. What other, Sir?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

JOHNS. That's greater: I'd rather ſtick to that.

BAYES. Do you think ſo? I'l tell you then; though there have been many wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'l ſay this is a *non pareillo*: I'm ſure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my firſt, you ſee I ſtrive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; ſo, in this, by the other way, *in*

[1]*Almah.* So, two kind Turtles, when a ſtorm is nigh
Look up, and ſee it gath'ring in the Skie.
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmures, their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Perch'd on ſome dropping Branch they ſit alone,
And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

J. DRYDEN. *The Conqueſt of Granada.* Part II., Act i. Sc. ii., p. 82. Ed. 1672.

[2]Song in Dialogue.

Evening. *I am an* Evening *dark as Night,*
Jack-*with-the-Lantern bring a Light.*
Jack. *Whither, whither, whither?* [Within.
Evening. *Hither, hither, hither.*
Jack. *Thou art ſome pratling Eccho, of my making.*
Evening. *Thou art a Fooliſh Fire, by thy miſtaking:*
I am the Evening *that creates thee.*

Enter *Jack* in a black Suit border'd with *Glow-worms*, a Coronet of Shaded Beams on his head, over it a Paper Lantern with a Candle in't.

Terrorem, I chuſe for the perſons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

JOHNS. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-ſure. They'l be hang'd, before they'l dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

BAYES. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate, daintie *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

SMI. Let's hear it, I pray you.

BAYES. 'Tis an alluſion to love.

[1] So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the Skie:
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſnunt Groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Penſive in mud they wallow all alone,
And ſnort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

JOHNS. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

BAYES. I gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Johnſon*, I thank you: and I'l put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

[2] *Enter* Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

BAYES. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee ſpeak a little louder, and with a hoarſer voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pſhaw! ſpeak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.
Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

BAYES. Nay you muſt be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Skie.
Light. And I, fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*
Evening. *Thoſe Flajolets that we heard play,*
Are Reapers who have loſt their way;
They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,
Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.

Chorus.

Let the Men ware the Ditches;
Maids, look to your Breeches,
we'l ſcratch them with Briars and Thiſtles:
when the Flajolets cry,
we are a-dry;
Pond-water ſhall wet their whiſtles.
[*Exeunt* Evening, Winds, & Jack.

SIR R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii., pp. 48, 49. Ed. 1663.

[1] *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a conſiderable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupify'd himſelf ſo far, with drinking ſtrong Waters, that, before the firſt Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallary. . . . . *Key* 1704.

Thun. I ſtrike men down.
Light. I fire the Town.
Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.
Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'l blaſt all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to ſoot.
Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.
Light. Let the Ladies look to't.
Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.
Light. For *Lightning* will ſhoot.
Thun. I'l give you daſh for daſh.
Light. I'l give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants, I'l ſinge your Feather.
Thun. I'l *Thunder* you together.
Both. Look to't, look to't; we'l do't, we'l do't: look to't, we'l do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

BAYES. That's all. 'Tis but a flaſh of a Prologue: a Droll.

SMI. 'Tis ſhort, indeed; but very terrible.

BAYES. Ay, when the *ſimile* is in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

Enter firſt Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'l be here preſently, he's but two doors off.

BAYES. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

[1] (*a*) *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whiſpers give our Orders out.

[SIR W. D'AVENANT.] *Play-Houſe to be Lett*, p. 100.

(*b*) See the *Amorous Prince*, pag. 20, 22, 39, 60, where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whiſpers. . . . . *Key* 1704.

As I have been unable to ſee a Copy of the firſt of theſe Plays, I inſert GERARD LANGBAINE'S deſcription of it.

Play-Houſe to be Let. I know not under what Species to place this Play, it conſiſting of ſeveral Pieces of different Kinds handſomely tackt together, ſeveral of which the Author writ in the times of *Oliver*, and were acted ſeparately by ſtealth; as the Hiſtory of Sr *Francis Drake* expreſt by Inſtrumental, and Vocal Muſick, and by Art of Perſpective in Scenes, *&c.* The Cruelty of the Spaniards in *Peru*. Theſe two Pieces were firſt printed in quarto. They make the third and fourth Acts of this Play. The ſecond Act conſiſts of a French Farce, tranſlated from *Moliere's Sganarelle, on Le Cocu Imaginaire*, and purpoſely by our Author put into a ſort of *Jargon* common to French-men newly come over. The fifth Act conſiſts of *Tragedie travestie*, or the Actions of *Cæſar Antony* and *Cleopatra* in Verſe Burleſque. This Farce I have ſeen acted at the Theatre in *Dorſet-garden* ſome Years ago, at the end of that excellent Tragedy of *Pompey*, tranſlated by the incomparable Pen of the much admired *Orinda*. pp. 109—110. Ed. 1691.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL.'

Continued from page 36.

Then appear'd such plays as these; THE SIEGE OF RHODES, Part I. acted at the *Cock-pit*, before the Restoration; THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LETT; THE SLIGHTED MAID; THE UNITED KINGDOMS; THE WILD GALLANT; THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR; THE VILLAIN; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the UNITED KINGDOMS, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to ſtifle it at its first appearing on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode, and run down these plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the *Cock-pit*, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid in wait for him as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; But he was threaten'd hard: however the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

Concluded at page 48.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. NOw, Sir, becauſe I'l do nothing here that ever was done before—— [*Spits.*

SMI. A very notable deſign, for a Play, indeed.

BAYES. Inſtead of beginning with a Scene that diſcovers ſomething of the Plot, I begin this with a whiſper.[1]

SMI. That's very new.

BAYES. Come, take your ſeats. Begin Sirs.

Enter Gentlemen-Uſher and Phyſician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I ſhould gheſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous place.

Uſh. And, by your gait and faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Phyſician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Uſh. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Uſh. Come then.

Phys. Come.

JOHNS. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe two ſo very civil perſons?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher, and Phyſicians of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

JOHNS. But how comes it to paſs, then, that they know one another no better?

BAYES. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

JOHNS. Very well.

Concluded from page 46.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue : and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664 ; because it had been several times rehears'd, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague 1665 ; and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted at the breaking out of that terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print. In that he called his poet BILBOA ; by which name, the town generally understood SIR ROBERT HOWARD to be the Person pointed at.* Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned, at that time ; and more, than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre, till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in heroick rhyme ; and, on the death of Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, 1669, MR. DRYDEN, a new laureat appeared on the stage†, much admired, and highly applauded : which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from BILBOA to BAYES, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following KEY.

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance. to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeased him : I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence : I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy ; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world ; but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission, Your most obliged, humble Servant.

5. A real Key should confine itself to the identical plays and dramatists satirized, nothing more nor less. Bp. Percy searching through all the antecedent dramatic literature, may find, did find many parallel passages, but he could adduce nothing to prove these were in the minds of the authors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Indeed it is improbable that they had in view the 40 or 50 plays to which he refers. His references but illustrate the extent of the mock heroic drama.

In the Illustrations of the present work Langbaine and the first Key have been principally followed ; it being noted that the Text is, as first acted on 7 Dec. 1671. Subsequent additions and their illustrations therefore, (such as ridicule Dryden's *The Assignation*, or *Love in a Nunnery*, produced in 1672) are, with two exceptions, not found in it. At the same time, the vacant spaces on the alternate pages will enable enquirers to note the results of further researches.

* *Very small signs appear of this at present : But when the Duke altered the name, he might also suppress the more offensive passages. Before the Rehearsal was acted Sir Robert Howard was upon such good terms with our noble author, that he dedicated to him his Duel of the Stags, Lond.* 1688, 8*vo*. Bp. Percy.

† *Mr. Dryden became Poet-laureat upon the Death of Sir William Davenant ; but he had appeared as a Dramatic Writer before.* Bp. Percy.

Phys. Sir, to conclude,

SMI. What, before he begins?

BAYES. No, Sir; you muſt know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

SMI. Where? In the Tyring-room?

BAYES. Why ay, Sir. He's ſo dull! Come, ſpeak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all theſe threatning ſtorms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are graſp'd but by the eye of reaſon) melt into fruitful ſhowers of bleſſings on the people.

BAYES. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

JOHNS. Yes; that graſping of a ſtorm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet ſome rumours great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Now they whiſper.

Uſh. Alone, do you ſay?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whiſpers.*

Uſh. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Pray mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear
Theſe are the reaſons that induc'd 'em to't:
Firſt, he—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Now t'other whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, they—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. He's at it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both he, and they——
[*Whiſpers.*

[1] Mr. *William Winterſhull* was a moſt Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the beſt Inſtructor of others: He dy'd in *July*, 1679. . . . . *Key* 1704.

BAYES. There they both whiſper.

[*Exeunt Whiſpering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

JOHNS. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

BAYES. Why? becauſe it's new; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.

SMI. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

BAYES. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

SMI. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whiſpering?

BAYES. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

SMI. But then, Sir, why——

BAYES. Sir, if you'l but reſpite your curioſity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

JOHNS. How doſt thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not juſt as I told thee?

SMI. Why, I did never, before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo fooliſh, but I could give ſome gheſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

JOHNS. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Winterſhull*[1] has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'l tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantaſtical, moſt abominably dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

SMI. It does ſurpriſe me, I am ſure, very much.

JOHNS. I, but it won't do ſo long: by that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'l ſhew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

BAYES. THeſe are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, written all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their whiſper, brother King?
2 *King.* I did; and heard beſides a grave Bird ſing
That they intend, ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

BAYES. This, now, is familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Qualitie.

SMI. 'Sdeath, this would make a man ſpew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'l lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.
2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.
1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy.*
2 *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

BAYES. Mark that: I Makes 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their breeding.

JOHNS. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2 *King.* Then, ſpite of Fate, we'l thus combined ſtand;
And, like true brothers, walk ſtill hand in hand. [*Exeunt Reges.*

JOHNS. This is a very Majeſtick Scene indeed.

BAYES. Ay, 'tis a cruſt, a laſting cruſt for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this ſhall rub their gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and ſhall I tell you a very good jeſt? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.

[1] The *Key* 1704 refers Prince Pretty-man's falling asleep in making love, to the play entitled *The Loſt Lady* [by Sir W. BERKELEY] London. fol. 1639. In the fifth edition of *The Rehearſal*, however there is the following addition to the text here.

So; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, falls asleep, making Love to his Miſtreſs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman: a Knight.

Bp Percy ſtates that this addition alludes to *Querer pro ſolo querer* (To Love only for Love Sake): a Dramatick romance, written in Spaniſh by Don ANTONIO HURTADO DE MENDOZA in 1623, and paraphraſed in Engliſh, in 1654, by Sir R. FANSHAWE, 'during his Confinement to *Tankerſly Park* in *York-ſhire*, by *Oliver*, after the Battail of *Worceſter*, in which he was taken Priſoner, ſerving His Majeſty (whom God preſerve) as *Secretary of State.*' Printed London 1671. 4to.

Bp. Percy thinks the paſſage had in view is this, in Act i. p. 20.

Felisbravo, the young King of Perſia, travelling in ſearch of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it ſeems, he had never ſeen) retires into a wood to ſhun the noon-tide heat, and taking out his miſtress's picture, thus rants.

Fel. If *ſleep* invade me ſtrongly, That may ſever
My *life* ſome minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis *impoſſible* to *ſleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: If that be ſo,
Takes out the Picture.
Dumb Larum, come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite*!
The Moon's *extinguiſher*! the *Moon-days* night!
How could ſo ſmall a *Sphear* hold ſo much day?
O ſleep! now, now, thou conquer'ſt me—But ſtay:
That *part* thou *conquer'ſt*, I'l not own for *mine.*
Tempeſt I ſeek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'ſt my body, my Love ſtill is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, ſince in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do *thou* (and ſpare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harb'ring ſo unwelcome Guest
(As Men obey thy Brother *Death's* arreſt)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL——
He falls aſleep with the Picture in his hand.
Rif. He's faln a ſleep; ſo ſoon? What *frailty* is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take ſuch ſleeps, what ſhall I take,
Whom *pangs* of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, 'wake?
Rifaloro *falls aſleep.*

SMI. That's impoſſible.

BAYES. I gad, they would not, Sir: ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it, I gad, the ſilly Rogues: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Fie, that was rude.

BAYES. Rude! I gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the whole world: I gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, theſe inſolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

JOHNS. Strange fellows indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this whiſper? for, as I remember, they were not preſent at it.

BAYES. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the Kings ſhould (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, juſt as the other went off.

SMI. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

BAYES. Done it! Ay, I gad, theſe fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in Chriſtendom. I'l tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd, by the peremptorineſs of theſe fellows, that I am reſolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. HOw ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And againſt Fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet, is it not? [*Lyes down.*

[1] See note on p. 54.

[2] This rule is moſt exactly obſerved in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, Act iv. Scene iv. Upon a ſudden and unexpected miſfortune, Almeria thus expreſſes her ſurpriſe and concern.

Alm. All hopes of ſafety and of love are gone:
As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and Conſumes e're ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my ſtate in this amazing wo;
It leaves no pow'r to think, much leſs to do:

J. DRYDEN. *The Indian Emperour*, p. 50. Ed. 1667.
Bp. Percy.

[3] *Boabdel* to *Almahide.*

As ſome fair tulip, by a ſtorm oppreſt,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken arms to reſt;
And, bending to the blaſt, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind ſing round its head:
So, ſhrowded up your beauty diſappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aſide your fears.

JOHN DRYDEN. *The Conqueſt of Granada*, Part I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

BAYES. Blazing Comet! mark that. I gad, very fine.

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt.[1] [*ſleeps.*

BAYES. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep juſt in the nick? His ſpirits exhale with the heat of his paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now, here, ſhe muſt make a *ſimile.*

SMI. Where's the neceſſity of that, Mr. *Bayes*?

BAYES. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd.[2] That's a general Rule: you muſt ever make a *ſimile* when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

[3]*Cloris.* As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boyſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.
[*Exit.*

BAYES. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

SMI. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Pretty-man *ſtarts up, and ſays—*

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

BAYES. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you pleaſe. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

SMI. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

BAYES. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this

new way of writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me———a———

SMI. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

BAYES. I do ſo, that's the very plain troth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'l think it no unwiſe diſcourſe this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing perſons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Uſh. COme, Sir; let's ſtate the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith.

BAYES. I do juſt ſo, I gad, always.

Uſh. The grand queſtion is, whether they heard us whiſper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

JOHNS. Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear.

Uſh. As to the when; you ſay juſt now: ſo that is anſwer'd. Then, for what; why, what anſwers it ſelf: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt queſtion, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

SMI. This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

[1] Such eaſy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we ſee Princes Dethron'd and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on ſlight Occaſions: Particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-Mode;* a Play, writ ſince the firſt Publication of this Farce. Where (to paſs by the Dulneſs of the State-part, the Obſcurity of the Comic, the near Reſemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being ſometimes a King's Son, ſometimes a Shepherd's; and not to queſtion how *Almalthea* comes to be a Princeſs, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our While to obſerve, how eaſily the Fierce and Jealous Uſurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related by the ſaid Imaginary Princeſs.

Enter Amalthea, *running.*

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, ſhew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the ſudden from his Guards, and ſnatching
A Sword from one, his back againſt the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himſelf; and owns aloud
He is our long loſt King, found for this moment
But, if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the ſenſe of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they ſtand at Bay
Againſt a Hoſt of Foes———

[J. DRYDEN.] *Marriage-a-la-Mode.* Act v. Sc. i. p 61. Ed. 1691.

This ſhows Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Conſtancy, and firm to his Reſolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method: Agreeable to what he ſays in the next Act.* 'As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they ſay?' . . . *Key* 1704.

* p. 71.

[2] (*a*) *Ormaſdes.* I know not what to ſay, nor what to think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I wake.

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Ormaſdes*, or *Love and Friendſhip.* Act v. p. 77. [Licenſed 22 Aug. 1664]. Ed. 1665.

(*b*) *Pandora.* My doubts and fears, my reaſon does diſmay,
I know not what to do nor what to ſay;

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Pandora*, or *The Converts.* Act v. p. 92. Ed. 1665.

BAYES. Yes; you have it right: they are both Polititians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to ſhew the world how men ſhould talk of buſineſs.

JOHNS. You have done it exceedingly well, indeed.

BAYES. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whiſper, they'l turn us out, and no bodie elſe will take us.

Uſh. No bodie elſe will take us.

SMI. Not for Polititians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our ſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

Uſh. 'Tis right:
And, ſince occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'l ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that chair.

They draw their Swords, and ſit down in the two great chairs upon the Stage.

BAYES. There's now an odd ſurpriſe; the whole State's turn'd quite topſi-turvy,[1] without any puther or ſtir in the whole world, I gad.

JOHNS. A very ſilent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

BAYES. It is ſo. And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Uſurpers march out flouriſhing their ſwords.*

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay.[2] [*Exit.*

SMI. But pray, Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

BAYES. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reaſon why I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

SMI. O, very well: now I'm fully ſatisfi'd.

BAYES. And then, to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done

ſo very eaſily neither; in this next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

SMI. O, ho: ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done?

BAYES. Aye.

SMI. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their ſwords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sol.* Fall on.

[*They all kill one another.* *Muſick ſtrikes.*

BAYES. Hold, hold. [*To the Muſick. It ceaſeth.* Now here's an odd ſurpriſe: all theſe dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Muſick.*

Now, now, now. O Lord, O Lord! | *The Muſick play his Note, and the dead men riſe; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men ſpoil a good thing ſo? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempeſt*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! impoſſible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſate up two whole nights in compoſing this Air, and apting it for the buſineſs: for, if you obſerve,

there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of time, and time; you ſhall ſee me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lyes down flat on his face.*

Now mark my Note in *Effaut flat.* Strike up Muſick.

Now. | *As he riſes up haſtily, he tumbles and falls down again.*

Ah, gadſookers, I have broke my Noſe.

JOHNS. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut flat.*

BAYES. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he muſt break his noſe, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr?

SMI. No indeed, Sir; I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'l go get you ſome within preſently.

BAYES. Go, go then; I'l follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'l be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horſemen.

[*Exit* BAYES.

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no more: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

SMI. What can this fool be doing all this while about his noſe?

JOHNS. Pr'ythee let's go ſee. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

[1] *Failer* and *Bibber* his Taylor in *The Wild Gallant. Key*, 1704.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

BAYES *with a papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES. NOw, Sir, this I do, becauſe my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

SMI. Faith, that fancie is very good, but I ſhould hardly have broke my noſe for it, though.

JOHNS. That fancie, I ſuppoſe, is new too.

BAYES. Sir, all my fancies are ſo. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I aſſure you. As, now, this next Scene ſome perhaps will ſay, It is not very neceſſary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it ſo. But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange ſtuck with Cloves, as for conceipt. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. [*Reads—*

Enter[1] *Prince* Pretty-man, *and* Tom Thimble *his Taylor.*

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'other's upon him ſlap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, daſh with a new conceipt: and ſo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

SMI. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

JOHNS. Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what doſt talk of meaning for?

[1] Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch haſt: the Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.

J. DRYDEN. *The Wild Gallant*, Act i. p. 11. Ed. 1669.

[2] *Failer.* Then ſay I:
Take a little *Bibber*,
And throw him in the River,
And if he will truſt never,
Then there let him lie ever.
Bibber. Then ſay I:
Take a little *Failer*,
And throw him to the Jaylour;
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his Taylor.

Idem, Act ii. Sc. ii. p 15.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be ſatisfi'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy ſelf, trow we?

BAYES. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

BAYES. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

BAYES. Good ſtill.

Thim. However, if my wife ſits but croſs-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half ſo much as when I truſted you for your Coronation-ſuit.

BAYES. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion. You would not be out of time, at ſuch a time as that, ſure: A Taylor, you know, muſt never be out of faſhion.

BAYES. Right.

Thim. I'm ſure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-faſhion, for you never paid me yet.[1]

BAYES. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a ſharp rogue when thou art angry, I ſee: thou pay'ſt me now, methinks.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.[2]

BAYES. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope ſhortly I ſhall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I ſhall grow to be a man of mettal.

[1] Ay, 'tis pretty well; but he does not Top his Part.
A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard*. . . . *Key* 1704.

[2] *See p.* 60.

[3] M. *Edward Howard*'s Words. . . *Key* 1704. *See p.* 28.

BAYES. O, you did not do that half enough.

JOHNS. Methinks he does it admirably.

BAYES. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.[1]

Thim. That's the way to be ſtamp'd yourſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſee you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

SMI. 'Tis ſnip ſnap, Sir, as you ſay; but, methinks, not pleaſant, nor to the purpoſe, for the Play does not go on.

BAYES. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

SMI. Yes, but the Plot ſtands ſtill.

BAYES. Plot ſtand ſtill! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

SMI. O, I did not know that before.

BAYES. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Maſter of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us ſoar never ſo little above the common pitch, I gad, all's ſpoil'd; for the vulgar never underſtand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of theſe things.

JOHNS. 'Tis a ſad fate, I muſt confeſs: but you write on ſtill?

BAYES. Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk ſhall ſtop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'l give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they ſay?[2] What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!

SMI. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

BAYES. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you muſt ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghoſts and Idols, if you mean to——a——

JOHNS. Pit, Box and Gallery,[3] Mr. *Bayes.*

BAYES. I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you,

[1] *Alberto. Curtius*, I've fomething to deliver to your Ear.

Curtius. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

Mrs. A. BEHN. *The Amorous Prince.* Act iii. Sc. ii. p. 39 Ed. 1671.

Mr. *Johnſon*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

JOHNS. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

BAYES. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnſon*, Ifacks this muſt not be ſaid, amongſt us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the meaſure I go by: my Play is my Touch-ſtone. When a man tells me ſuch a one is a perſon of parts; is he ſo, ſay I? what do I do, but bring him preſently to ſee this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your moſt humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our buſineſs.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Uſurpers, hand in hand.

Uſh. BUt what's become of *Volſcius* the great?
His preſence has not grac'd our Court of late.
Phys. I fear ſome ill, from emulation ſprung,
Has from us that Illuſtrious *Hero* wrung.

BAYES. Is not that Majeſtical?

SMI. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volſcius*?

BAYES. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

SMI. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

[1] *Cor.* My Leiges, news from *Volſcius* the Prince.
Uſh. His news is welcome, whatſoe'er it be.

SMI. How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?

BAYES. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godſookers, you'l ſpoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer every impertinent queſtion you ask.

SMI. Cry you mercie, Sir.

Cor. His Highneſs Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair perſon whom you both do know,
Deſpairing of forgiveneſs for her fault,
In a deep ſorrow, twice ſhe did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of ſtanders-by, prevented was.

SMI. 'Sheart, what ſtuff's here!

Cor. At laſt,
Volſcius the great this dire reſolve embrac'd:
His ſervants he into the Country ſent,
And he himſelf to *Piccadillé* went.
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that ſhe's dead!

Uſh. Dead! is that poſſible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. There's a ſmart expreſſion of a paſſion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold ſtrokes, a gad.

SMI. Yes; but who is the fair perſon that's dead?

BAYES. That you ſhall know anon.

SMI. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

BAYES. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that ſhe's not dead neither.

SMI. Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

BAYES. Now, here's the man brought in that is ſuppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great ſhout within.*

Enter Amarillis *with a Book in her hand and Attendants.*

Ama. What ſnout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the aſſaſſinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.

[1] *Decio.* Now you ſhall tell me, who play'd at Cards with you?

Pyramena. None but my Lord *Iberio* and I plai'd.

Dec. Who waited?

Py. No body.

Dec. No Page?

Py. No Page.

Dec. No Groom?

Py. No Groom; I tell you no body.

Dec. What, not your Woman?

Py. Not my Woman, lack
How your tongue runs!

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii. pp. 46—7. Ed. 1663.

I hope its flow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

BAYES. Piſh, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end; you muſt lay the accent upon end, or elſe you loſe the conceipt.

JOHNS. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. O, all in all, Sir: they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play.

SMI. I ſee you are perfect in theſe matters.

BAYES. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to know ſomething.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fiſherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monſter did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the nobleſt ſoul of humane kind?
Tell me who ſet thee on.

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man*?

Fiſh. No; Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Volſcius* hire you to kill Prince *Volſcius*?

Fiſh. No; Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So, drag him hence.
Till torture of the Rack produce his ſence.

[*Exeunt.*

BAYES. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that's the deſign of this Scene.

SMI. I see, Sir, you have a ſeveral deſign for every Scene.

BAYES. I; that's my way of writing: and ſo I can diſpatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So, now enter

Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I ſay? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you pleaſe. I vow to gad Mr.——a ——I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

BAYES. What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you ſhould have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

JOHNS. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable matter that he's ſo angry at.

SMI. I am not of your opinion.

BAYES. Piſh! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?
Although a Fiſherman, he is my Father,
Was ever Son, yet, brought to this diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherleſs?
Oh, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father.
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

SMI. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

JOHNS. A Devil, this is worſt of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

BAYES. O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſherman.

SMI. How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

BAYES. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a queſtion's there! did ever any man ask ſuch a queſtion? Taken Priſoner! Godſookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

JOHNS. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

BAYES. Stay, let me ſee; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the

Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſherman, and brought up as his Child.

SMI. Indeed?

BAYES. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſherman, upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

SMI. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not that ſome diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſhermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

BAYES. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again, preſently, you ſhall ſee

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'l ſet the world on fire
Rather than let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.
Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

BAYES. Lo' you now, there he's off again.
JOHNS. Admirably done i'faith.
BAYES. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Sometimes a Fiſhers Son, sometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the ſoul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.
The blackeſt Ink of Fate, ſure, was my Lot.
And, when ſhe writ my name, ſhe made a blot.
[*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a bluſt'ring verſe for you now.

SMI. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſhermans Son?

BAYES. Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he ſhould be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

SMI. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

BAYES. So, let me ſee. Enter Prince *Volſcius*, going out of Town.

SMI. I thought he had been gone to *Piccadillé*.

In ridicule of Act iv. Sc. i. of *Engliſh Monſieur*, by the Hon. J. HOWARD, of which this is a portion.

Enter Comely *in a Riding Garb, with his ſervant.*

Comely. Let my Horſes be brought ready to the door, for i'le go out of Town this Evening. [*Exit ſervant.*

Enter Welbred.

Well. Why, how now Comely, booted and ſpur'd?

Comely. Marry am I.

Wel. For how long?

Comely. Why, for this ſeven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in it, as for women I am in love with none, nor never ſhal, I find I have a pretty ſtrong defence about my heart againſt that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

Enter Lady VVealthy *and two other Ladies.*

To take my leave of e'm.

L. Weal. Mr. *Comely* your Servant—what in a Riding Garb.

Comely. A dreſs fitting for a Country Journey Madam.

[2]*L. Weal.* Why, can you ever leave this Town?

Comely. That I can truely madam, within this hour.

L. Weal. I can't believe it.

. . . . . .

Comely. . . . . . So that for my future health i'le retire into the Countrey for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and ſleep ſo ſound, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her —— This reſolution of mine has made me turn Poet, and therefore before I go, you ſhall hear a Song called my farewell to *London* and women, boy ſing the Song.

Of which song the third and laſt ſtanza runs thus:—

Therefore this danger to prevent
And ſtill to keep my hearts content:
[3]Into the country I'le with ſpeed,
With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed!
Both ſafer pleaſures to purſue,
Than ſtaying to converſe with you.

BAYES. Yes, he gave out ſo; but that was onely to cover his deſign.

JOHNS. What deſign?

BAYES. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge.*

JOHNS. I ſee here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

BAYES. Yes, now it begins to break; but we ſhall have a world of more buſineſs anon.

[1] *Enter Prince* Volſcius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

[2] *Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country ſolitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the honour of your company.

BAYES. Held the honour of your Company! prettily expreſt! Held the honour of your company! God-ſookers, theſe fellows will never take notice of any thing.

JOHNS. I aſſure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly; I don't know what he does.

BAYES. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this ſingle boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us ſtill remain.
Before your Horſes come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

BAYES. Sad!

Vols. Harry, my Boots; for I'l go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were ſaying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge.*

BAYES. In *Knights-bridge?* ſtay.

JOHNS. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

BAYES. His friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or elſe, indeed, I grant it could not be.

SMI. Yes, faith, ſo it might be very eaſily.

Comely ſees Elsba, a Country laſs, and falls ſuddenly in love with her.

[1] *Comely*. . . . ſet up my Horſes. What ſudden fate hath chang'd my mind! I feel my heart ſo reſtleſs now as if it n'ere knew reſt, ſure I'me in love;

The Hon. J. HOWARD. *Engliſh Monſieur*, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 42. Ed. 1674.

[2] And what's this maid's name?

Idem, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 40. Ed. 1674.

[3] *Muſtapha*. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Sir W. D'AVENANT, *Siege of Rhodes*. P. I. 'The Second Entry.' p. 10. Ed. 1656.

[4] Mr. *Comely* in love!

Engliſh Monſieur, Act iv. Sc. ii. p. 45. Ed. 1674.

[5] "*Love and Honour*, Written by W. DAVENANT Knight. Preſented by His Majeſties Servants at the *Black Fryers*." London, 1649, 4to.

BAYES. Nay, if I do not make all things eaſie, I gad, I'l give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you ſhall ſee how prettily I have contriv'd to ſtop him preſently.

SMI. By my troth, Sir, you have ſo amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Vols. Bleſs me! how frail are all my beſt reſolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpoſe chang'd![1]
Too ſoon I thought my ſelf ſecure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does ſo gently rob me of my fame?
For I ſhould meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, muſt hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* ſhe calls.

Vols. Can vulgar Veſtments high-born beauty ſhrowd?
[3]Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud?

BAYES. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gad-ſookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Vols. O inauſpicious Stars! that I was born
To ſudden love, and to more ſudden ſcorn!

Ama. Cloris, How! [4]Prince *Volſcius* in love? Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SMI. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have loſt ſome jeſt here, that they laugh at ſo.

BAYES. Why did you not obſerve? He firſt reſolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

SMI. O, I did not obſerve: that, indeed, is a very good jeſt.

BAYES. Here, now, you ſhall ſee a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't[5]; but I have diſpatch'd it all in this Scene.

[1] May this ſlip be accepted as evidence that this Act ſtood ſecond in the original Play?

[2] (*a*) *Feliſbravo.* LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways;
And I ſtand doubtful *which* to take:
To *Arabia*, *Honour* ſays,
Love ſays no; thy ſtay *here* make.

Sir R. FANSHAWE'S tranſlation of *Querer pro ſolo Querer*. Act iii. p. 140. Ed. 1671.

(*b*) *Alphonſo.* But Honour ſays not ſo.

Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

(*c*) *Ent.* Palladius *ſoftly reading* 2. *letters.*

Pall. I ſtand betwixt two minds! what's beſt to doe?
This bids me ſtay; This ſpurs me on to goe.
Once more let our impartiall eyes peruſe
Both t'one and t'other: Both may not prevaile.

My Lord,

PRize not your honour ſo much as to diſprize her that honours you, in chooſing rather to meet Death in the field, then *Pulchrella* in her deſires. Give my affection leave once more to diſſwade you from trying Conqueſt with ſo unequall a Foe: Or if a Combate muſt be tryed, make a Bed of Roſes the Field, and me your Enemie. The Intereſt I claim in you is ſufficient warrant to my deſires, which according to the place they find in your Reſpects, confirme me either the happieſt of all Ladies, or make me the moſt unfortunate of all women. PULCHRELLA.

A Charme too ſtrong for Honour to repreſſe.

Mus. A heart too poore for Honour to poſſeſſe.

Pall. Honour muſt ſtoop to Vows. But what ſaies this? [*Reads the other Letter.*

My Lord,

THE hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, preſents you with the wiſhes of a faithfull ſervant, who deſires not to buy you ſafety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on with courage, and know, *Panthea* ſhall partake with you in either fortune: If conquer'd, my heart ſhall be your Monument, to preſerve and gloriſie your honour'd aſhes; If a Conqueror, my tongue ſhall be your Herault to proclaime you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phœnix of your own, honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then Your owne Panthea.

I ſayle betwixt two Rocks! What ſhall I doe?
What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe?

[2] Volſcius *ſits down.*

Vols. How has my paſſion made me *Cupid*'s ſcoff!
This haſty Boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lyes, with amorous deſigu
To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what ſad diſtraction I am brought.
Sometimes, with ſtubborn Honour, like this Boot.
My mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Diſarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

JOHNS. What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this ſpeech himſelf!

SMI. I, the fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Vols. Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cryes Honour; tender Love ſays, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
But ſofter Love does whiſper, put on none.
What ſhall I do? what conduct ſhall I find
To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.

[*Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.*

JOHNS. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

BAYES. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any concluſion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, becauſe we are come but to the end of the ſecond[1] Act. Come, the Dance. [*Dance.*
Well Gentlemen, you'l ſee this Dance, if I am not miſtaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Or what hard-hearted eare can be ſo dead,
As to be deafe, if faire *Panthea* plead?
Whom ſhall I pleaſe? Or which ſhall I refuſe?
Pulchrella ſues, and fair *Panthea* ſues:
Pulchrella melts me with her love-ſick teares,
But brave *Panthea* batters downe my eares
With Love's Pettarre: *Pulchrellas* breaſt encloſes
A ſoft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roſes.
But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,
True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.
I ſtand even-balanc'd, doubtfully oppreſt,
Beneathe the burthen of a bivious breſt.
When I peruſe my ſweet *Pulchrellas* teares,
My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:
But when I read divine *Panthea's* charmes,
I turne all fierie, and I graſp for armes.
Who ever ſaw, when a rude blaſt out-braves,
And thwarts the ſwelling Tide, how the proud waves
Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-greene breſt
Of frowning *Amphitrite*, who oppreſt
Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t' obey)
Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.
So toſt am I, bound to ſuch ſtrait confines,
Betwixt *Pulchrella's* and *Panthea's* lines.
Both cannot ſpeed: But one that muſt prevaile.
I ſtand even poys'd: an Atome turnes the ſcale.

F. QUARLES. *The Virgin Widow*. Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 41-43. Ed. 1649.

SMI. I don't know 'twill take, Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

BAYES. Ay, Sir, it coſts me more pains, and trouble, to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

SMI. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

BAYES. Not for the things themſelves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l miſtake you, Sir, and ſpoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

BAYES. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

BAYES. Stay then; I'l do it my ſelf.

SMI. Come, let's go with him.

BAYES. A match. But, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, I am not like other perſons; they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get money for 'em: now, I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be, in every circumſtance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole world. For what care I for my money? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

[1] Colonel *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas* Earl of *Berkſhire*, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral; and had alſo two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a juſt occaſion to ſet up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of Opinion, that his grace had our two Brothers in his thoughts. It was Acted at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, ſoon after the *Reſtoration*; but miſcarrying on the ſtage, the Author had the Modeſty not to Print it; and therefore, the Reader cannot reaſonably expect any particular Paſſages of it. Others ſay, that they are *Boabdelin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*, and Mr. *Dryden* has in moſt of his ſerious Plays two contending Kings of the ſame Place. . . . . *Key*, 1704.

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, *and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES. GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

SMI. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

BAYES. No, Sir; I have a precedent for it too. A perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.[1]

JOHNS. Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

BAYES. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for, in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to thoſe matters) but for another contrivance.

SMI. What is that, I pray?

BAYES. Why, I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I gad, be acted in leſs than a whole week: and I'l ſpeak a bold word, it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragœdy we have, either ancient or modern.

JOHNS. I marry, Sir; there you ſay ſomething.

SMI. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolick of yours?

BAYES. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: now, I would very fain know, what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe.

JOHNS. Nay, if you ſhould not be Maſter of your own works, 'tis very hard.

[1] Bp. Percy ſays :—

This is intended to ridicule the abſurd cuſtom of writing plays in ſeveral parts, as the *Siege of Rhodes*, Parts I. and II. Killigrew's *Bellamira* I and II. *Thomaſo* I. and II. *Cicilia* and *Clorinda*, I. and II. &c. ; but is principally levelled at the *Conqueſt of Granada* in 2 Parts : which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being compleat or intelligible in either without the other.

[2] Bp. Percy conſiders that this refers to *Conqueſt of Granada*, Part II. Act iv,

BAYES. That is my fence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

JOHNS. Moſt admirably good, i' faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

BAYES. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.[1]

JOHNS. That conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very neceſſary.

SMI. And when comes in your ſhare, pray Sir?

BAYES. The third week.

JOHNS. I vow, you'l get a world of money.

BAYES. Why, faith, a man muſt live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon ſome new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. There is one prettie odd paſſage, in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed to ſeveral ways, wherein I'ld have your opinion, Gentlemen.

JOHNS. Well, what is't?

BAYES. Why, Sir, I make a Male perſon to be in Love with a Female.

SMI. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

BAYES. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear. He having paſſionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at laſt that ſhe conſents to his love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf. That's one way. The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills her ſelf.[2] Now my queſtion is, which of theſe two perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

JOHNS. By my troth, it is a very hard caſe to decide.

BAYES. The hardeſt in the world, I gad; and has

[1] *The Ghoſt* [of his mother] *comes on, ſoftly, after the Conjuration; and* Almanzor *retires to the middle of the Stage.*

Ghoſt. I am the Ghoſt of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy ſhadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
I dy'd; and for my Winding-ſheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

J DRYDEN. *Conqueſt of Granada*, P. I. Act iv. p. 130. Ed. 1672.

[2] Almanzor, in *Conqueſt of Granada*.

puzzled this pate very much. What ſay you, Mr. *Smith?*

SMI. Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your juſtice, I ſhould now ſpare 'em both.

BAYES. I gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'l make him hinder her from killing her ſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

[*Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now ſpeak.

K. Uſh. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, ſome relief.
K. Phys. Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her breath,
And, in life's ſtead, to leave us nought but death?
The world diſcovers now its emptineſs,
And, by her loſs, demonſtrates we have leſs.

BAYES. Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

SMI. With her? with whom?

BAYES. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

SMI. *Lardella!* I, who is ſhe?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Ladie that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-ſheet.[1]

K. Uſh. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſue of our Love.
Pitie us, ſinking under grief and pain,
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

BAYES. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

SMI. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt Mr.——a——you will not have patience.

JOHNS. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir*?[2]

BAYES. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtriſs, ſnubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, juſtice or numbers.

JOHNS. A very prettie Character.

I have form'd a Heroe [*i.e.* Almanzor], I confeſs; not abſolutely perfect; but of an exceſſive and overboyling courage, both *Homer* and *Taſſo* are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well conſider'd that a tame Heroe who never tranſgreſſes the bounds of moral vertue, would ſhine but dimly in an Epick poem.

J. DRYDEN. Dedication to *Conquest of Granada.*

See alſo on this ſubject, the prefatory Eſſay to the ſame play, entitled *Of Heroique Playes.*

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and juſtice.

BAYES. Yes, they have been ſo; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr? [*To the Players.*

K. Phys. O, cry you mercie. [*Goes to take the papyr.*

BAYES. Piſh! nay you are ſuch a fumbler. Come, I'l read it my ſelf. [*Takes a papyr from off the coffin.* Stay, it's an ill hand, I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

SMI. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes.*

BAYES. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr?

SMI. Like a woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

BAYES. O' my word you are out though, Sir; I gad you are.

SMI. What then? like a man?

BAYES. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

SMI. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

BAYES. It may be ſo, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the tranſmigration of the ſoul.

SMI. Very fine.

BAYES. I'l read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King* Phys.

SMI. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

BAYES. Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

SMI. Your ſervant, Sir.

BAYES. Pray mark it. [*Reads.*

' *Berenice.* My earthly part———
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'le come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent ſteps I'le follow you all day;
Or elſe before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
I'le lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.

At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you ſleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And ſweep along, before your cloſing eye.

All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it moſt from any future Love.
And when at laſt, in pity, you will dye,

I'le watch your Birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'le to my Mate repair;
And teach you your firſt flight in open Air.

JOHN DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iii. Sc. i. p. 28. Ed. 1670.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove
I'l come a Humble Bee to your chaſte love.
With ſilent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghoſt, you'l know me by my Hum;
For ſound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

SMI. (After a pauſe). Admirable!

BAYES. At night, into your boſom I will creep,
And Buz but ſoftly if you chance to ſleep:
Yet, in your Dreams, I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

JOHNS. By my troth, that's a very great promiſe.
SMI. Yes, and a moſt extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will free;
But moſt, from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pitie, your heart-ſtrings ſhall crack,
With emptie arms I'l bear you on my back.

SMI. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.
BAYES. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'l fly,
And teach you your firſt flutt'ring in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare! it is the moſt natural, refin'd fancie this, that ever I heard, I'l ſwear.

BAYES. Yes, I think, for a dead perſon, it is a good enough way of making love: for being diveſted of her Terreſtrial part, and all that, ſhe is only capable of theſe little, pretty, amorous deſigns that are innocent, and yet paſſionate. Come, draw your ſwords.

K. Phys. Come ſword, come ſheath thy ſelf within this breaſt,
That only in *Lardella*'s Tomb can reſt.

[1] See the Scene in the Villain: where the Hoſt furniſhes his gueſts with a collation out of his Cloaths; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tanſey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, &c. . . . . *Key* 1704.

The text of this Scene, which muſt have depended much more upon the acting than the ſpeeches for its ſucceſs, is as follows:

Hoſt. 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Maſter of the Cabaret, which ſhall give you moſt Excellent content.

Colig. Say'ſt thou ſo honeſt fellow? faith thou art a very merry honeſt fellow; Siſters, I'l treat you, and theſe Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honeſt Friend where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Hoſt. Why here Sir, ſit down at this Table,
And call for what you will.

Delpe. How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of *Urganda's* Squiers? pray friend whence ſhall the meat, and wine come?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broomſtick.

Hoſt. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Cuſtom of the young gallant; Entreat but theſe Ladies to ſit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'l deſire no favour.

Colig. Nor no money neither, I hope Sir.

Hoſt. Truly I won't; if you be not pleaſ'd above expectation, Ne'r Truſt one again of my profeſſion.

Delpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curioſity; Come we will ſit down.

Maria. What you pleaſe Sir.

Colig. That's my good Siſter; Come, come, La Couvert, la Couvert.

Lamar. This begins to look like ſomthing, he's bravely ſtuſt I'l warrant you, he is ſo well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold breſt of your delicate white Veal.

Hoſt. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a ſallet? good Sir, a ſallet?

Hoſt. Well Sir, I muſt untruſs a poynt.

Colig. How Sir, to give us a ſallet? why have you been at graſs?

Delpe. Why d'yee want a boyl'd ſallet Mounſieur?

Lamar. Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming,
I'l ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Saſages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on ifaith Sir.
Come friend, a Diſh of Saſages, a diſh of Saſages.

Hoſt. VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only miſtook the placing, theſe do better in a belt.

Continued at pp. 104, 106.

K. Uſh. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella*'s Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, ſtop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallaſes* commands:
For the ſuppoſed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
Lardella lives: I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Cœleſtial conſtancie
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from theſe Funeral obſequies
A Nuptial Banquet ſhall ariſe.
[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is diſcover'd.*

BAYES. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair perſon which *Volſcius* ſent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you ſee, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

JOHNS. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

BAYES. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

K. Uſh. Reſplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fierceſt Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And ſince to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'l ſupple Statues in thy Temple grow.
K. Phys. Well, ſince alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.
[*The two Uſurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

K. Uſh. But where's the Wine?
Pal. That ſhall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the pureſt wine of *France*: | Fills the Boles out of her Lance.
And, to appeaſe your hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Laſtly, to bear a part with theſe,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheeſe. [*Vaniſh* Pallas.

[1] *Enter* Almahide *with a Taper.*
Almahide. My Light will ſure diſcover thoſe who talk;
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?
Almanzor. He who dares love; and for that love muſt dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

J. DRYDEN. *Conqueſt of Granada*, P. II. Act iv. p. 131. Ed. 1672.

I will not now, if thou wouldſt beg me, ſtay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 60. Ed. 1672.

[3] *Almanzor.* Thou darſt not marry her while I'm in ſight;
With a bent brow thy Prieſt and thee I'le fright,
And in that Scene
VVhich all thy hopes and wiſhes ſhould content,
The thought of me ſhall make thee impotent.
He is led off by Guards.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

[4] *Almanzor.* Spight of my ſelf I'le Stay, Fight, Love, Despair,
And I can do all this, becauſe I dare.

Idem, P. II. Act ii. p. 99. Ed. 1672.

Enter Drawcanſir.

[1] *K. Phys.* What man is this that dares diſturb our feaſt?
Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

JOHNS. That is as much as to ſay, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

BAYES. Right; that's the conceipt on't.

JOHNS. 'Tis a marveilous good one; I ſwear.

K. Uſh. Sir, if you pleaſe we ſhould be glad to know
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'l go.

BAYES. Is not that now like a well-bred perſon, I gad? So modeſt, ſo gent!

SMI. O, very like.

[2] *Draw.* You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'l take my Boles away.
Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modeſt and gent?

BAYES. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Uſh. Though, Brother, this grum ſtranger be a Clown,
He'l leave us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

[3] *Draw.* Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'l ſtare away his very pow'r to drink.
The two Kings ſneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.

[4] I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big and ſtare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

SMI. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of.

BAYES. Yes; but this is nothing: you ſhall ſee him, in the laſt Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another, I gad, as faſt as they can poſſibly be repreſented.

JOHNS. That will be a ſight worth ſeeing, indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Continued from p. 100.

Franc. A ſtrange fellow this.

Delpe. I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have:
Prethee let's taſt the beſt.

Hoſt. That you ſhall Sir;
If you'l hear Muſick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready: you ſhall want nothing here.

Sings.

Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.

Delpe. Away with your Drunken ſongs, have you nothing fitter to please the Ladies?

Hoſt. Yes Sir.

Delpe. Come away with it then.

Hoſt *Sings.*

Colig. Moſt Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honeſt fellow with all my heart; nay ſtay a little, this is very good VVine; here's to thee again——heark you honeſt fellow, let me ſpeak with you aſide. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the head?

Hoſt. I'l treat by the head Sir, if you please; a Crown a head, and you ſhall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you can drink.

Colig. That's honeſtly ſaid; you know my father friend, tis Mounſieur *Cortaux.*

Hoſt. Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours.*

Colig. VVell, treat us very well, I'l ſee thee pay'd.

Hoſt. Nay Sir, I'l ſee myſelf pay'd, I'l warrant you, before you and I part.

Colig. I do mean it ſo honeſt friend, but prethee ſpeak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite diſgrace, Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Hoſt. Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you laſt ſpoke of?

Hoſt. Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir, Is my Creſt.

Delp. A very improper one for a marri'd man.

Colig. Yes faith and troth, he ſhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here's to yee noble Captain; a very good jeſt
As I am a Gentleman:

D'elp. I thank you Sir!

Colig. Methink's you are melancholly, Sir!

La'ma. Not I Sir, I can aſſure you: Lady's how
Like ye the ſport, an odd Collation, but well
Contriv'd.

Fran. The contrivance is all in all.

Concluded at p. 106.

BAYES. Phoo! that is to raiſe the character of *Drawcanſir*.

JOHNS. O' my word, that was well thought on.

BAYES. Now, Sir, I'l ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

SMI. And pray, Sir, what is your deſign in this Scene?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my deſign is *Roman* Cloaths, guilded Truncheons, forc'd conceipt, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'l write no more. Come, come in, Mr.——a—— nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

SMI. Why fill the Stage?

BAYES. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never ſounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out becauſe they are not in love with the ſame woman.

SMI. Not in love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love, Mr. *Bayes?*

BAYES. No, Sir; I ſay not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now, ſpeak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volſcius*, has found out the way
For our ſo long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.
Vols. I gladly would that ſtory of thee learn;
But thou to love doſt, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breaſt is not love in mine.

BAYES. *Antitheſis!* thine and mine.

Concluded from p. 104.

Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sister.
Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one!
D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How shall we lead your Sisters home!
Colig. No matter, Hem: here 'tis Gentlemen, *super Naculum.*
Come, come a Tansey Sirrah quickly.
D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Host.
Host. That's as time shall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for something.
La'mar. Faith this was unlook'd for.
D'elp. S'fish I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on.
Host. No truly Sir: 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,
. . . . . .
Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow: Here's mine Host's health Gentlemen.
D'elp. Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream
Sir, this will shew your Master-piece!
Host. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye
Gentlemen the thunder has melted my sword
In the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.
D'elp. Th' ast my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.

T. PORTER. *The Villain.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 47—50. Ed. 1663.

Pret. Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

BAYES. Reaſoning; I gad, I love reaſoning in verſe.

Vols. Love takes, *Cameleon*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lye.

BAYES. *Simile*!

Pret. Let not thy love the courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in harmony delight.
Vols. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

BAYES. There's a great Verſe!

Vols. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips external ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe look pale.

BAYES. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes which her eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.
Vols. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amid'ſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt,
But, with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire ſurvive.

BAYES. That is as well as I can do.

Vols. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

BAYES. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'l ſooner have a paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, though ſtore of Oyl doth lye,
We find more ſhape more beauty in a Fly.

SMI. That's uncivil, I gad.

BAYES. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though, I gad, as ever you ſaw.

[1] *Maximin.* Thou ly'ſt:—there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Chriſtian would all Heav'n forſwear.
Ev'n *Jove* would try more ſhapes her Love to win:
And in new birds, and unknown beaſts would ſin;
At leaſt, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.*

J. DRYDEN, *Tyrannick Love*, Act ii. p. 19. Ed. 1670.

[2](*a*) *Maximin.* Stay; if thou ſpeak'ſt that word, thou ſpeak'ſt thy laſt:
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's paſt:
Say but he's dead, that God ſhall mortal be.

Idem, Act i. p. 7. Ed. 1670.

(*b*) *Maximin.* Provoke my rage no farther, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Idem, Act i. p. 9. Ed. 1670.

Vols. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.
Parthenope is ſure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

BAYES. Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

BAYES. Now mark.

[1] *Vols.* Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope to mend.
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themſelves, un-god themſelves to ſee.

BAYES. Now the Rant's a coming.

[2] *Pret.* Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'ld make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

BAYES. Ah, Godſookers, that's well writ!

Vols. Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. Cloris does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

BAYES. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but my ſelf. Here's true ſpirit and flame all through, I gad So, So; pray clear the Stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all in Verſe?

BAYES. O, Sir, the ſubject is too great for Proſe.

SMI. Well ſaid, i' faith; I'l give thee a pot of Ale for that anſwer: 'tis well worth it.

BAYES. Come, with all my heart.
I'l make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, *and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES. NOw, Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'l ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not for words, for thoſe I do not value; but for ſtate, ſhew, and magnificence. In fine, I'l juſtifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for, inſtead of two Biſhops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, and the two uſurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, *Prince* Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reaſon that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

BAYES. Why, Sir, becauſe——By gad, I won't tell you.

SMI. I ask your pardon, Sir.

K. Uſh. Now, Sir, to the buſineſs of the day.

Vols. Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, muſt not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* firſt do ſpeak: whoſe high preheminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may juſtly claim that priviledge.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illuſtrious *Volſcius* firſt be heard.

BAYES. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son

1 In Sept. 1656, Sir W. D'AVENANT publiſhed '*The Siege of Rhodes*, made a Repreſentation by the Art of Proſpective in Scenes, And the ſtory ſung in *Recitative* Muſic. At the back of *Rutland*-Houſe in the upper end of Alderſgate-Sreet, London.' Inſtead of Acts, there are five 'Entries.' This conſtituted Part I. The ſecond part was publiſhed in 1663.

In 'The first Entry,' p. 4.

Enter *Alphonſo*.

[1] *Alphon.* What various Noiſes do mine ears invade?
And have a Conſort of confuſion made?

[2] Nakar *and* Damilcar *deſcend in Clouds, and ſing.*

Nakar. Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below!
Dam. Let us go, let us go!
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in deſpair!
Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we ſail from the Eaſt
Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feaſt.
Dam. In the bright Moon-ſhine while winds whiſtle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud:
And leſt our leap from the Skie ſhould prove too far,

JOHNS. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that diſcovery.

Vols. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

BAYES. I'l make her ſpeak very well, by and by, you ſhall ſee.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns—— [*Soft Muſick.*
K. Uſh. But ſtay, what ſound is this invades our ears?
K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Muſick of the moving Spheres.
Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings ſit one by one,
With Virgin Veſts, and Laurel Garlands on.
K. Uſh. Then, Brother *Phys'*, 'tis time that we were gone. | *The two Uſurpers ſteal out of the Throne, and go away.*

BAYES. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as eaſie a turn as the other?

SMI. Yes, faith, you did ſo; though I confeſs, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I ſee.

| *The two right Kings of* Brentford *deſcend in the Clouds, ſinging in white garments; and three Fidlers ſitting before them, in green.*

BAYES. Now, becauſe the two Right Kings deſcend from above, I make 'em ſing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haſte, brother King, we are ſent from above.
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentfords* long united State.
1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full Eaſt and by South,
2 *King.* We fail with Thunder in our mouth,
In ſcorching noon-day, whil'ſt the traveller ſtayes,
Buſie, buſie, buſie, buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Haſte to thoſe

We ſlide on the back of a new-falling Star.
Nakar. And drop from above,
In a Gelly of Love!
Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's
The Spirits of Fire againſt us make head! [red,
Nakar. They muſter, they muſter, like Gnats in the
Alas! I muſt leave thee, my Fair; [Air,
And to my light Horſe-men repair.
Dam. O ſtay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their ſight:
And o're the wide Ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiſs in the Water——
Both. And hiſs in the Water and drown!
Nakar. But their men lye ſecurely intrench'd in a
Cloud:
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel ſounds loud.

Dam. Now Mortals that ſpie
How we tilt in the ſkie
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch events as will ne're come to paſs!
Nakar. Stay you to perform what the man will have
[done.
Dam. Then call me again when the Battel is won.
Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the fair,
That, ſilent and ſwift, the little ſoft God
Is here with a wiſh, and is gone with a nod.

[*The Clouds part,* Nakar *flies up, and* Damilcar *down.*

J. DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iv. Sc. i. pp 30 - 31 Ed. 1670.

Who will feaſt us, at night, with a Pigs Pretty-toes.

1 *King.* And we'l fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King.* But now ſupper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to ſtorm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtard in ſpoons,
Alas, I muſt leave theſe half-moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2 *King.* O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ſhips in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'l ſnug in our ſhell,
We'l friſk in our ſhell,
We'l firk in our ſhell,
And farewel.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France.*

BAYES. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

SMI. I, but they play no Coranto.

JOHNS. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

BAYES. No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear
The event of ſuch things as ſhall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there ſhall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly reſolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To ſave the diſtreſſed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can ſwallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES *phillips his finger, and ſings after 'em.*

BAYES. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

JOHNS. I, that would have been better.

BAYES. No, faith, not when you conſider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

SMI. Thing! what thing?

BAYES. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

SMI. Well; but, methinks, the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

BAYES. Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds ſpeak plain? They muſt be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the leaſt check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up ſpirits, and people in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

SMI. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious counſel we'l advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but firſt, let's have a Dance.

BAYES. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright.* But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

SMI. Well, I can hold no longer, I muſt gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

JOHNS. No, pr'ythee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

BAYES. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; and ſince deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

[1] *Enter* Abdelmelech.

Boabdelen. What new misfortune do theſe Cries preſage?

JOHN DRYDEN.—*Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act i. p. 78. Ed. 1672.

[2] *Enter a Second Meſſenger.*

Sec. Meſſ. Haſte all you can their fury to aſſwage.
You are not ſafe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Meſſenger.

Third Meſſ. This Minute if you grant not their deſire
They'll ſeize your Perſon and your Palace Fire.

Idem, Part II, Act i. p 80. Ed. 1672.

1 *King.* What ſawcie Groom moleſts our privacies?
1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in diſguiſe,
Deſires a word with both your Majeſties:
2 *Her.* Having, from *Knights-bridge*, hither march'd by ſtealth.
2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

SMI. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in diſguiſe?

BAYES. Ay, Sir, for fear the Uſurpers might diſcover them that went out but juſt now.

SMI. Why, what if they had diſcover'd them?

BAYES. Why then they had broke this deſign.

SMI. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineys for thoſe warlike men.
2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the ſum juſt ten.
1 *Her.* We have not ſeen ſo much the Lord knows when. [*Exeunt Heralds.*
1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.
Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modeſty,
If at this grand conjuncture——
[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*
[1] 1 *King.* What dreadful noiſe is this that comes and goes?
Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.
[2] *Sold.* Haſte hence, great Sirs, your Royal perſons ſave.
For the event of war no mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
Firſt fell to words, and then to handy-blows.
[*Exit.*
2 *King.* O dangerous eſtate of Soveraign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.
1 *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threat'ning ſtorms may paſs away. [*Exeunt.*

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us, juſt now, to make *Amarillis* ſpeak very well?

BAYES. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

SMI. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

BAYES. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay ſo that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

SMI. Marry, that was hard.

JOHNS. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

BAYES. Why, the battel, Sir, that's juſt coming in at door. And I'l tell you now a ſtrange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'l give you both a whole week to gheſs how I'l repreſent this Battel.

SMI. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I aſſure you.

BAYES. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

JOHNS. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

BAYES. On the other ſide; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

JOHNS. Excellently reaſon'd, by my troth!

BAYES. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indecorums, I ſum up my whole battel in the repreſentation of two perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

SMI. Yes, Sir; but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear, though, for all that.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at their wriſts, (which, you know, repreſents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

SMI. How, Sir, inſtead of a Buckler?

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more queſtions. I make 'em,

[1] (*a*) Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm !

Sir W. D'AVENANT. *Siege of Rhodes.* 'The first Entry.' p. 3. Ed. 1656.

(*b*) 'The Third Entry' thus begins.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Muſtapha*.

Solym. Pirrhus. Draw up our Army wide !
Then, from the Groſs two ſtrong Reſerves divide ;
And ſpread the wings ;
As if we were to fight
In the loſt *Rhodians* fight
With all the Weſtern Kings !
Each Wing with *Janizaries* line ;
The Right and Left to *Hally's* Sons aſſigne ;
The *Groſs* to *Zangiban*.
The Main Artillery
With *Muſtapha* ſhall be :
Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

Idem, p. 14.

(*c*) At the beginning of 'The fifth Entry' is,

Muſta. Point well the Cannon, and play faſt !
Their fury is too hot to laſt.
That Rampire ſhakes ! they fly into the Town !
Pirrh. March up with thoſe Reſerves to that Redout,
Faint Slaves ! the *Janizaries* reel !
They bend, they bend ! and ſeem to feel
The terrors of a Rout.
Muſta. Old *Zanger* halts, and reinforcement lacks !
Pirrh. March on.
Muſta. Advance thoſe Pikes, and charge their Backs.

Idem, p. 30.

Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a warlike poſture: ſo that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Muſick, and good Language, and your eye ſatisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

JOHNS. I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be ſatisfi'd with that.

SMI. I confeſs, Sir, you ſtupifie me.

BAYES. You ſhall ſee.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting for I love thoſe Plays, where they cut and ſlaſh one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

BAYES. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Enter, at ſeveral doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his ſword drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The lye no fleſh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Muſquetiers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Joyn with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* foot advance
And line that Eaſtern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.
And ſcowr the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.
Gen. Stand : give the word.
Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.
Gen. That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.
Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine ire.
Gen. Purſue, purſue ; they fly
That firſt did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. This, now, is not improper, I think, becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

JOHNS. Moſt exceeding well deſign'd !

BAYES. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this battel ?

SMI. How ?

BAYES. By an Eclipſe : Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never ſo much as thought of, but by my ſelf, and one perſon more, that ſhall be nameleſs. Come, come in, Mr.——a——

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkneſs does invade the day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey ?
Is the Sun weary of his bloudy fight,
And winks upon us with his eye of light ?
'Tis an Eclipſe. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe ! thou this in vain haſt done ;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun.
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. This is an admirable repreſentation of a Battel, as ever I ſaw.

[1] *Enter* Aurora *in a black Veil below.*
Song in Dialogue.

Aur. Phœbus?
Phœb. Who calls the World's great Light?
Aur. *Aurora*, that abhors the Night.
Phœb. Why does *Aurora* from her Clowd
To drowſie *Phœbus* cry ſo loud?
Aur. Put on thy Beams; riſe, (no regard
To a young Goddeſs, that lies hard
In th' old Man's boſome?) riſe for ſhame,
And ſhine my Clowd into a Flame.
Phœb. Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I muſt not riſe before my hour.
Aur. Before thy hour? look down, and ſee,
In vain the *Perſian* kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A ſad mistake in *Naples* made;
Like *Pliny*, I had loſt my life,
If I had been a Mortal Wife.
Phœb. Thou cam'ſt too near the Burning Mount
Veſuvio?
Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took Clowds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from *Vulcan*'s Court expire)
For Morning-ſtreaks, Blew, White, and Red,
That Rouſe me from cold *Tithon*'s Bed.
[Phœbus *enters with his Beams on.*
Phœb. Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I ſtaid th' utmoſt point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on *Naples* ſhed my Rays,
where ſuch a miſchief they have done,
As will make *Venus* hate the Sun,
Diſcovering to *Vulcan*'s eye
Where She and *Mars* embracing lie.
Aur. I'm ſorry *Mars* and *Venus* had
Such privacy: but I am glad
that *Phœbus* does at laſt appear
To ſhine away *Aurora*'s Fear.
Phœb. What frighted thee?
Aur. I know not what:
But thou know'st all; what noiſe is that?
[*Within* Vulcan *roars out*, No work, Rogues?
Phœb. 'Tis *Vulcan*, in a greater Heat
Than th' Irons by his *Cyclops* beat:
He makes the horrour of that noiſe,
Teaching and Knocking his great Boys,
(From hamm'ring out *Jove*'s Thunder) ſet

BAYES. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to repreſent an Eclipſe?

SMI. Why, that's to be ſuppos'd.

BAYES. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your ſuppoſe: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am ſure is new, and, I believe, to the purpoſe.

JOHNS. How's that?

BAYES. Why, the truth is, I took the firſt hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*:[1] which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'l confeſs this is a little better.

JOHNS. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. But, Sir, you have heard, I ſuppoſe, that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe, but an interpoſition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

SMI. I have heard ſo, indeed.

BAYES. Well, Sir; what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of neceſſity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipſes. That is new, I gad, ha?

JOHNS. That muſt needs be very fine, truly.

BAYES. Yes, there is ſome fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be ſomething in it of a Joque, I make the Moon ſell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. *Orbis*, O *Orbis*,
Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls *Terra firma*, pray?

To File and Poliſh *Vulcan*'s Net,
Which he'l catch *Mars* and *Venus* in.
Aur. What now? [*Laughing within.*
Phœb. To laugh the Smiths begin:
At furious *Vulcan* (halting off
To meaſure his wife's Bed) they ſcoff.
Aur. I'l leave the place; I can no more
Endure the Laughter than the Roar.
Tuning within.
Phœb. Heark, they record, they'l ſing anon;
'Tis time for *Phœbus* to be gone;
For when ſuch Lyrick Aſſes bray,
The God of Muſique cannot ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Phœbus *and* Aurora.

The Cyclops *Song* (*within*).

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows
Of the Forge and the Bellows)
Has *Jove* any Okes to rend?
Has *Ceres* Sickles to mend?
Wants *Neptume* a Water-Fork?
All theſe are the *Cyclops* work;
But to Wire-draw Iron-rods,
To File Nets to catch the Gods,
What can make our fingers ſo fine?
Drink, drink, Wine, *Lippari*-wine.

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid*, pp. 80—83. Ed. 1663.

Luna. *Luna* that ne'er ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?
Luna. *Luna* means to ſhew her tail.
Enter Sol.
Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Dery, dery down,
To ſee thee Orb abuſe.
Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I did it out of love.
Hey down, dery down.
Orb. Where ſhall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. To morrow ſoon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* [*Bis.*
Sol. Then I will ſhine.
Orb. And I will be fine.
Luna. And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.
Omnes. And we, *&c.*

BAYES. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt, Drawcanſir *comes in, and kills 'em all on both ſides. All this while the Battel is fighting,* BAYES *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I, the bloud of thouſands, daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I ſlay both friend and foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſmen my ſwift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling ſouls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would purſue, and beat 'em, through the skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, ſee.
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your *Hector*, your *Achilles*, and a hundred

[1] *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd her ſelf for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when ſhe was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, ſtrikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and ſpeaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to riſe, and ſpeak the Epilogue.

Epilogue to the *ſecond* edition of *Tyrannick Love*, 1672.

Key, 1704.

more; but I defie all your Hiſtories, and your Romances too, I gad, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir*.

JOHNS. I ſwear, I think you may.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead men go off? for I ſee none alive to help 'em.

BAYES. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very ſilly, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'l ſhow you go off. Riſe, Sirs, and go about your buſineſs. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'l be with you preſently. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. Will you ſo? then we'l be gone.

SMI. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BAYES *and Players.*

BAYES. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play*. They are gone, Sir.

BAYES. Gone! 'Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'l go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

3 *Play*. Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's ſee what 'tis.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

Cloris, at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s paſſion, conſents to marry him; but, juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widow, and remembring it was ſhe that brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: and Prince *Pretty-man*, diſcontentedly, walks by the River ſide.

1 *Play*. Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis juſt like the reſt. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

[1] About the time of the Reſtoration and for ſome years after the faſhionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three. *Bp. Percy.*

At the end of Sir W. D'AVENANT'S "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru.* Expreſt by Inſtrumentall and Vocall Muſick, and by Art of Perſpective in Scenes, &c. Repreſented daily at the *Cockpit* in *Drury-Lane*, At Three afternoone punctually" London 1658: is the following notice:

'Notwithstanding the great expence neceſſary to Scenes, and other ornaments in this Entertainment, there is a good proviſion made of places for a ſhilling. And it ſhall begin certainly at 3 after noon.'

The Rehearsal is therefore ſupposed to take place in the morning.

Enter BAYES

BAYES. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat, to run after 'em. A couple of fenceleſs raſcals, that had rather go to dinner, than ſee this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for ſuch dull rogues? Come Mr.——a—— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

BAYES. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Play. Why, an't pleaſe your worſhip, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

BAYES. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impoſſible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'l make 'em know what it is to injure a perſon that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, croſs-grain'd perſons, and all that. I gad, I'l make 'em the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable perſons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'l be reveng'd on 'em; I'l ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

Play. Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'l diſappoint the Town, that comes to ſee it acted here, this afternoon.

BAYES. That's all one. I muſt reſerve this comfort to my ſelf, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily, as the Players have done: but I'l be reveng'd on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they ſhall know what a Satyriſt I am. And ſo farewel to this Stage for ever, I gad. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What ſhall we do now?

2 *Play*. Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play: We ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's ſee *Haynes*, and *Shirley* practiſe the laſt Dance; for that may ſerve for another Play.

2 *Play*. I'l call 'em: I think they are in the Tyring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THE Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumſtance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
And we can boaſt, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, though, and ſtrove to pleaſe
With ſence that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much wit did ſtore
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflicts the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have theſe ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Proſe and Sence.

FINIS.

J. & W. Rider, Printers, London.

English Reprints.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Inſtruction in Engliſh Verſe.
1575.

. The Steele Glas.
Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]
April 1 1576.

Complaynt of Philomene.
pr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]
April 1576.

32

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE's

mbrance of the well imployed Life, and
end of George Gaſcoigne Eſquire, &c.
[*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Aſſociate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LONDON:

5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.] 18 November, 1868. [*All Rights reſerved.*

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of G. Gaſcoigne 3
INTRODUCTION, ... 11
BIBLIOGRAPHY, ... 14

George Whetstone.

A REMEMBRANCE &c. OF G. GASKOIGNE, &c. 15
(1) The wel employed life, and godly end of G. Gaſcoigne, Eſq. 17
(2) Exhortatio 27
(3) An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death of M. G. Gaſkoygne 29

George Gascoigne.

CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH VERSE, &c. . . 31

THE STEELE GLAS . . . 41
(1) The Epiſtle Dedicatorie [15 April. 1576] . . 42
(2) N. R. in commendation of the Author, and his works 46
(3) Walter [afterwards Sir Walter] Raleigh, of the Middle Temple, in commendation of *The Steele Glas* . . 47
(4) Nicholas Bowyer in commendation of this work . 47
(5) The Author to the Reader 48
(6) THE STEELE GLAS 49
(7) Epilogus. 82

THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE . 85
(8) The Epiſtle Dedicatorie [16 April. 1575] . . 86
(9) PHILOMENE 87
(10) The Fable of Philomela 91

CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at *pp.* 15–30)

of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

---

* Probable or approximate dates.

1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

Youth.

* 1535–37. GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, *p.* 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [*see* 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

At Cambridge:

He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [*see* 1576]

> Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
> I meane the worthy Vniuersitities,
> (And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
> Whereof I was vnworthy member once) *p.* 77.

1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.

A member of Gray's Inn:

Harl. M.S. 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; *fol.* 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; *fol.* 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. MS.* 1912, *fol.* 33.

1557. May 24. Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoine,' *Idem*, *fol.* 204.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' *p.* 42. 'Disinherited,' *p.* 17.

1562. Apr. Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmisford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished.' *pp.* 86, 119.

In *The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis* which

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :
. . . . . .
Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, *fol.* 238.

1565. Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat*. . . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*. . . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*. . . . . Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito. si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene*. . . . . Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum œneum et miserabile œuum*. . . . . And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Posies*, 1575.

1565. Apr. 26. Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Gouernment.* A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. iii.* 7.

1566. Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English *prose* acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 6.

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—'the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem.p.* 8. Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS.*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton.*

A member of Gray's Inn.

Principal occupation not known

Nevvly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teach ing in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first *published* verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.

The pearle of price, whicn englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

? Marries.

? Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good quailities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bovve, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

1572. Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie:* respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I vvas not vnwillinge the same shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons. *1st Pref. to 'Posies,'* 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre*, 'begon at *Delfe* in *Hollande*'; Gascoigne says, 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit. i.* 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

In Holland, fighting for the Dutch.

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge: but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb. He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Ianuarie' 1574-5: 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

Leading a literary life.

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures*, *Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third, *To the Reader*. "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort*, *Herbes to cure*, and *Weedes to be auoyded*. So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575. April. Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas:* and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, *pp*. 86, 119.

1575. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hvnting* is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie*. This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Courte at Kenelworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11. The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg.* 18. *A. xlviiii, p.* 27. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye; 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 *pp*; Latin, 15 *pp*; Italian 15 *pp*; French 13 *pp*; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 *p*.

In his address at *fol*. 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c

1576. Apr. 3. He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene*. *p*. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1575. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial exploytes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumſtance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
And we can boaſt, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, though, and ſtrove to pleaſe
With ſence that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much wit did ſtore
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflicts the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have theſe ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Proſe and Sence.

FINIS.

J. & W. Rider, Printers, London.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Buckingham, George Villiers <<of>>,

The rehearsal First acted 7 Dec. 1671, Publ. (? July) 1672. With illustrations from previous plays, etc

London 1868

P.o.angl. 325 e-5,1/3
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748538-6